

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation

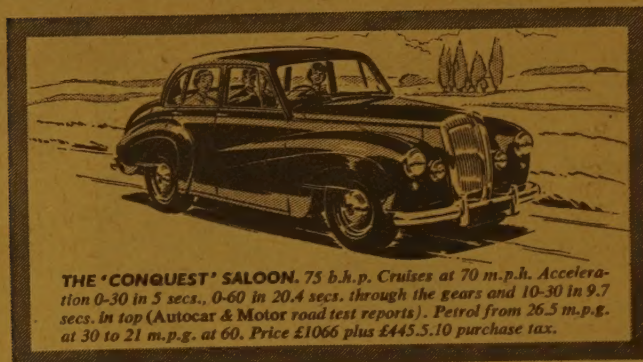


Portrait of an unknown man, by Van Dyck, recently acquired by the Southampton Art Gallery

In this number:

How Science Can Help Industry (Austen Albu, M.P.)
Reflections on Public School Education (Cyril Alington)
The Palmer Triplets: a poem (William Plomer)

You don't have to choose between



THE 'CONQUEST' SALOON. 75 b.h.p. Cruises at 70 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-30 in 5 secs., 0-60 in 20.4 secs. through the gears and 10-30 in 9.7 secs. in top (Autocar & Motor road test reports). Petrol from 26.5 m.p.g. at 30 to 21 m.p.g. at 60. Price £1066 plus £445.5.10 purchase tax.

- * PERFORMANCE
- * COMFORT
- * GOOD LOOKS
- * ECONOMY
- * EASY HANDLING
- * EASY GARAGING

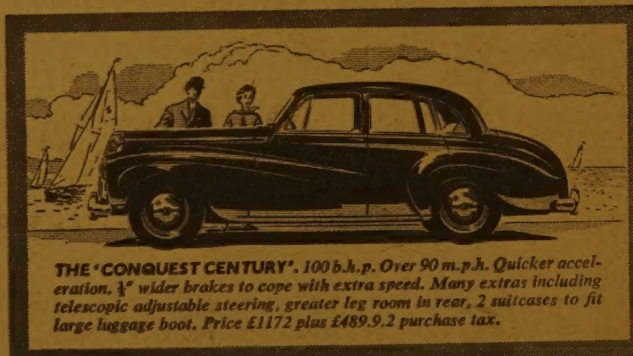
...you'll find them all in a Daimler CONQUEST

THE NEW range of CONQUEST cars offers the finest combination of motoring qualities on the market today. In designing the CONQUEST range Daimler determined to embody in one type of car *all* those fundamental qualities which would satisfy a high percentage of motorists having individual needs and widely differing tastes.

Test this out for yourself. Go to your Daimler Dealer today, try the Daimler CONQUEST for speed, acceleration, cornering, smoothness, easy handling in traffic or parking and then assess whether you have had to forgo, in any degree whatsoever, the comfort, spaciousness and silence for which the Daimler has always been specially noted. Add to this, really good luggage accommodation and an over-all size convenient for garaging, and you will appreciate that the CONQUEST in a rather special and individual way meets the points *you* would specially consider when buying a new car.

Low maintenance costs

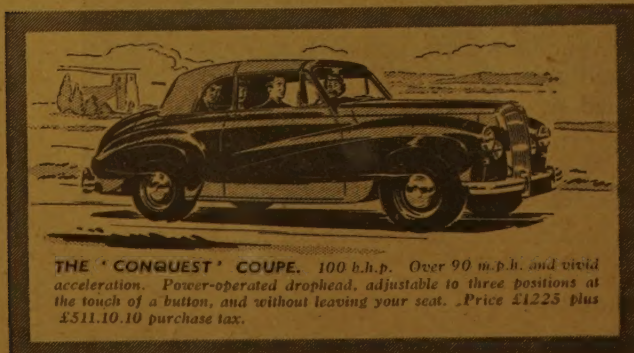
It will be some time after purchase that you will also realise that your car has hidden qualities not apparent on first inspection and sometimes overlooked in new car buying. Your CONQUEST will probably surprise you in the savings it will bring in low main-



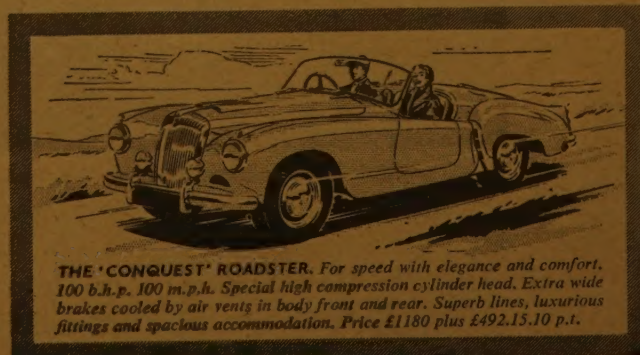
THE 'CONQUEST CENTURY'. 100 b.h.p. Over 90 m.p.h. Quicker acceleration. 1" wider brakes to cope with extra speed. Many extras including telescopic adjustable steering, greater leg room in rear, 2 suitcases to fit large luggage boot. Price £1172 plus £489.9.2 purchase tax.

tenance costs and time 'off the road'. Automatic chassis lubrication plus pre-selector fluid transmission—(exclusive Daimler production car feature)—will take care of that unobtrusively, month in—month out, without thought or worry on your part. The Daimler CONQUEST offers you a wonderful combination of motoring qualities—it is a truly 'modern' car yet embodies all the dignity and prestige of the Daimler tradition. Your Daimler Dealer is waiting to give you every facility to test these claims for yourself.

An illustrated brochure on whichever of these models interests you will be sent to you on request to Bureau G. 60, The Daimler Co., Ltd., Coventry, together with the address of your nearest Dealer.



THE 'CONQUEST' COUPE. 100 b.h.p. Over 90 m.p.h. and vivid acceleration. Power-operated droptop, adjustable to three positions at the touch of a button, and without leaving your seat. Price £1225 plus £511.10.10 purchase tax.



THE 'CONQUEST' ROADSTER. For speed with elegance and comfort, 100 b.h.p. 100 m.p.h. Special high compression cylinder head. Extra wide brakes cooled by air vents in body front and rear. Superb lines, luxurious fittings and spacious accommodation. Price £1180 plus £492.15.10 p.t.

'OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE'

The Listener

Vol. LI. No. 1313

Thursday April 29 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

Mr. Dulles and the Laocoön (Joseph Harsch) ...	719
Labour and German Rearmament (William Pickles) ...	720
The Two Turkeys (Paul Stirling) ...	721
Kenya's New Deal (Rt. Rev. Leonard Beecher) ...	723
The Magic of Despair (Max Gluckman) ...	724
How Science can Help Industry (Austen Albu, M.P.) ...	729

THE LISTENER:

Boring Modern Novels? ...	726
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	726

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

A Model Elizabethan Playhouse (Richard Southern) ...	727
More Archaeological Finds in Egypt (Patrick Smith) ...	727
Mutton Birds in Australia (Alec Chisholm) ...	727
Forty Below Zero (John Uniacke) ...	728
A Scot in Liverpool (Nancy Learmonth) ...	728

EDUCATION:

Reflections on Public School Education (Cyril Alington) ...	731
---	-----

THE ANATOMY OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE—I (W. G. Hoskins) 732

BIOGRAPHY:

The Solitary Figure of Dante (A. P. d'Entrèves) ...	734
---	-----

LAW:

The Development of Soviet Law (Alexander J. Halpern) ...	736
--	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 738

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Reginald W. Sorensen, M.P., Wickham Steed, W. H. Cazaly, Leslie Baily, Alfred Duggan, Hope Muntz, Edwin Haward, and P. E. Witham ...	741
---	-----

ART:

Round the Art Galleries (Quentin Bell) ...	744
--	-----

POEMS:

The Palmer Triplets (William Plomer) ...	745
The Dustbins (James Kirkup) ...	746

LITERATURE:

The Future of the English Novel (Angus Wilson) ...	746
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	747
New Novels (Idris Parry) ...	751

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	752
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	753
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	753
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	755
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	755

MUSIC:

Dallapiccola and the Twelve-note Method (Colin Mason) ...	757
---	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 759

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 759

CROSSWORD NO. 1,252 ... 759

Mr. Dulles and the Laocoön

By JOSEPH HARSCH

IT will be helpful for your understanding of the position of the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, at the Geneva Conference, if you will call to mind the classic Greek statue of Laocoön and his two sons being strangled by the snakes.

When Mr. Dulles left Washington for Geneva, he had been through an ordeal rather like that of Laocoön, although with a happier ending. At the moment of his departure Mr. Dulles had broken free from the grip of several situations which had threatened to deprive him of any room for manoeuvre or negotiation at Geneva over the future of Indo-China. He does not now enjoy complete freedom of manoeuvre, but then few Foreign Ministers ever do when they go into conferences involving the settlement of wars. However, Mr. Dulles does possess more freedom than seemed likely up to the day he took off. His difficulties were partly of his own making and partly compounded from events over which he had little control.

His worst difficulty arose out of political promises, made by members of Mr. Dulles' own Republican Party in the very recent time. Scarcely a month before Mr. Dulles had to go to Geneva, the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Richard Nixon, had made a political speech which, at the time it was given, had a wonderfully happy ring in Republican ears. Mr. Nixon had announced that under wise Republican foreign policy leadership, the United States possessed the initiative in the world. Mr. Nixon took Republican credit for ending the Korean war: Mr. Nixon explained that there would be no more Korean wars, no more sending of American soldiers to far battlefields like Korea, and no

more losses of countries to communism. All this and Heaven too!

That was on March 13. At the time it made good politics for the Republicans, but within a few days after it was delivered, that speech was making serious foreign policy trouble for Mr. Dulles. If the Nixon speech meant anything at all, it had meant a promise that the United States would never again send its soldiers into a limited or a local war. If that impression had been allowed to remain, Mr. Dulles would have to go to Geneva disarmed. He would have had no bargaining position at all over Indo-China, because he would have possessed no strength in his own diplomatic position.

It was after that speech of March 13 by Mr. Nixon that the so-called 'Indo-China crisis' broke. It broke not by any sudden change in Indo-China but in the form of a realisation in Washington that it would be a bad thing for all of us, including the Republican Party, if the communists should capture Indo-China and thus gain a fresh forward momentum. Why this possibility had not been foreseen, I cannot tell you, but when Washington faced the possibility it came to a quick decision that Indo-China ought not to be lost. It reached that decision on objective without having had time first to figure out ways and means of achieving the objective. The ways and means have still not been figured out and settled upon in detail, but clearly the first thing was to get Mr. Dulles out of the toils of the domestic political position which ruled out any kind of action.

On April 16 Mr. Nixon tried to play the role of teacher's helper by reversing his position of March 13 and saying that American troops might have to go to Indo-China after all. That

produced a political spasm among the Republicans, who saw themselves deprived of a campaign promise of endless peace. They had raised a new problem for Mr. Dulles. They made it sound as though he were going to Geneva refusing to negotiate at all. So there had to be more adjustments of position, including statements by both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Nixon that what the United States wanted was an honourable settlement. That supposedly reopened the door to manoeuvre at Geneva. In the meantime, Mr. Dulles had to work himself out of implications that he would use atom bombs on China if he did not get his own way at Geneva. Also he had to try to overcome any French war-weariness, which might lead to a dangerous compromise at Geneva. By the time Mr. Dulles boarded his aircraft for Geneva, he must have remembered more than once that statue of Laocoön. But perhaps he also looked forward with relief to sparring merely with Mr. Molotov at Geneva.

Surely there is nothing Mr. Molotov can do to him as frightening as what the domestic American political situation has already done.

The trouble back here is that the Republican Party is suffering an acute attack of what the psychiatrists call dichotomy—a conflict of desires. The Republicans desire not to preside over another departure of American troops for an overseas battlefield. They desire equally, perhaps a shade more, not to preside over another loss of a country to communism. At one time atom bombs seemed to be the easy answer, but the Republicans are learning that that is not the case.

It leaves Mr. Dulles with the unenviable task at Geneva of saving Indo-China, if possible, without sending troops. But since the Republicans have looked with anguish at the consequences both of sending and of not sending troops, the result is that Mr. Dulles is permitted some latitude for bargaining.—*Home Service*

Labour and German Rearmament

By WILLIAM PICKLES

WITHIN the past fortnight, half a dozen sections of the British Labour movement have been discussing their attitude to German rearmament.

At its annual conference last October, the Labour Party passed a resolution making its acceptance of German rearmament conditional upon the holding of German elections, and a further attempt to agree with the Russians on a solution of the German problem. Since then, the German elections have been held and the Berlin Conference has failed to reach agreement on Germany. The leaders of the Labour Party believe that the conditions laid down have now been fulfilled and they were able to secure acceptance of that view, by a majority of only two votes, at one of the regular meetings of Labour Members of Parliament. This decision will be open to challenge when the report of the Parliamentary Party is discussed at the next annual conference. We are now watching the preliminary skirmishes of that discussion.

The organisations which have spoken so far are the Labour Party Women's Conference, which voted in favour of German rearmament, and four others which voted against, these four opponents being the Co-operative Party, the Northern Ireland Labour Party, and two trade unions, representing respectively the Distributive Workers and the Draughtsmen of the steel industry.

The organisations are of two types. The Women's Conference, the Co-operative Party, and the Northern Ireland Labour Party are not organically attached to the Labour Party and do not vote as affiliated organisations at the party's annual conference. Their decisions, therefore, afford no clue as to how votes will be distributed when the conference takes place. The other two organisations are affiliated to the Labour Party and their vote will presumably be cast against German rearmament next October. That, however, will be nothing new. The smaller of the two unions in question is under communist influence, while the other is the only union of any size which has consistently supported Mr. Aneurin Bevan—and Mr. Bevan, when last heard of, was against German rearmament.

None of that means, however, that these decisions are without significance. What is striking about the four that voted against German rearmament is the size of the majorities by which they expressed themselves. Among the Distributive Workers, in particular, 848 voted against it and only two for, while about 150 delegates were absent or could not make up their minds. Clearly, there is at present a strong current inside the Labour Party flowing against the idea of German rearmament in any form.

The two questions we must try to answer are: 'Why is this so?' and 'Will it be the same in October?' The answer to the first question is that several quite different trends of opinion have

converged on this issue. The absolute pacifists vote automatically against any rearmament, any time, anywhere. Those who, without being wholly pacifist, tend to wish that armaments were not necessary are tempted to follow them. With them go a very different group, the bitter anti-Germans, of whom some would rather pay more for our own rearmament effort than give arms to Germans. Finally come those who believe that the Berlin Conference was mishandled. Some of them still do not know that the Western Powers in Berlin did not insist on the rearmament of a free and united Germany, but agreed that she should decide for herself. Others think that the west could have offered to enforce German disarmament—though they do not say how—if the Russians agreed to free elections, followed by unity. This case was powerfully presented to the Distributive Workers by one of the most moderate of Labour leaders, Mr. Alfred Robens, and nobody doubts that he influenced scores, perhaps even hundreds, of votes. It should be noted that the associates of Mr. Aneurin Bevan have, in the main, kept out of these debates. The question has been argued on its merits, though there is evidence of a great need of accurate information among the opponents of German rearmament.

What will happen in the future? It is important to remember that this discussion is only just beginning. Much water will flow under many bridges between now and the next Labour Party Conference in October. The whole international situation itself may change radically. Even if it does not, the Labour leaders have time to spread facts and arguments, if they are willing to use their time and can find members well-informed enough to help. The next big test will be the conference of the big, moderate Union of Municipal and General Workers in June. In any case, it seems fair to say that if the leaders do not act energetically, they risk finding themselves committed to a policy which they would regard as disastrous. It is also worth remembering that Labour is not in power, and that if treaties are signed while Labour is out of office, nothing in the Labour Party's history suggests that those treaties would or could be repudiated. Indeed, it is more than possible that if German rearmament were to begin under a Conservative Government, Labour support for the idea of British association with the E.D.C. would increase. But that is speculation.

—*European Service*

The April number of *Eastern World* (price 2s.) contains an article by the President of the Korean Affairs Institute in Washington, Mr. Yongjeung Kim, entitled 'Korea's Case goes to Geneva'. In the same number O. Edmund Clubb writes on 'Asia and the Geneva Conference'; and Professor R. G. Hawtrey on 'British Resources and Commonwealth Development'.



Modern Turkey: tractors on an Anatolian farm

The Two Turkeys

By PAUL STIRLING

BY now we are all used to the idea that Turkey belongs in the western camp. After all, she was a founder-member of the Council of Europe and now she is in Nato. After the showing of the Turkish troops in Korea nobody has much doubt that her military contribution to Nato is considerable, though I do not suppose everyone realises just how rapidly the Turkish army is acquiring modern technique and modern organisation. However, it is not only because of her strength and her remarkable strategic position that Turkey is so important. She is also one of the most interesting examples in the world of an oriental society successfully taking over western notions and ways of doing things. But westernised Turkey is not the only Turkey. Four-fifths of her people are peasants, villagers, and are in many ways very unlike the westernised urban upper class.

It was to live in and study the villages that I first went to Turkey in 1949. Before I went out I naturally tried to read the subject up a bit. I found that most of the books tell you much about what the intellectuals and rulers did, but little about the real effect it all had in the small towns and villages. Not that I want to under-rate Turkey's achievements under Atatürk—they are certainly remarkable enough. After the first world war, Atatürk had won an unassailable position at the head of the Turkish people's spontaneous revolt against the victorious allies, who were trying to

carve up among themselves what is now Turkey. By 1923 the Turks had driven out all foreign troops and Turkey was recognised internationally as a sovereign state. In the next fifteen years—that is, till the death of Atatürk in 1938—Atatürk and his party carried through an astonishing series of reforms. They drew up a liberal republican constitution. They suppressed religious opposition by closing the Dervish

monasteries and the religious schools and universities, they reformed the system of education, and they reorganised the civil service. In 1926 they replaced the legal code, which had been a mixture of French and Islamic law, by a translation of contemporary European codes. This root-and-branch transformation of the law of the land by the adoption of something borrowed from a different civilisation was in itself a reform of staggering proportions. Among other things, it completely changed the legal status of women and, of course, it made monogamy the legal norm. Two years later a Latin script was introduced in place of the semi-sacred arabic script.

Economic reforms took a little longer to get under way. In 1923 Turkey had nothing but a primitive agriculture, almost negligible industry, and a few mines and railways, mainly in foreign hands. The Turkish people had no experience of modern industry, nor of the way of life it involves. This meant that private enterprise, as we understand it, could not produce the desired results, at least, not quickly



The old Turkey: women carrying home water from a communal village well

enough. During the nineteen-thirties the state decided to take a hand in economic development by founding special banks, to finance five-year plans for industry and mining. Though the last war interrupted these schemes, they laid a sound foundation of experience in running factories and, what is more, in showing the people of Turkey that this other, newer way of life was possible. But on the whole these pre-war industries had very little effect on the over-all standard of living.

Since 1947, on the other hand, the gathering momentum of their own schemes has been given a mighty thrust by American military and economic aid and advice, and at the same time the Government has at last realised that if a mainly agricultural country is to develop rapidly there must be emphasis on agriculture. Until then, agriculture had been largely neglected and agricultural production had barely kept pace with increase in population.

The Submerged Four-fifths

And so since 1950 not only has industry and mining been expanding—production increased by one-third between 1948 and 1952—but agricultural production has been increasing too; more rapidly, in fact, than in any other country that sends statistics to the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organisation. All this has accelerated the rate of development and made an increase in exports possible, and, at the same time, has raised the standard of living of the people. But until very recently all this reform and development in Turkey was largely the concern of town-dwelling intellectuals. It is significant that the proportion of villagers to townsmen is about four to one, and has in fact remained constant in spite of educational reforms and industrialisation. What about these submerged four-fifths of the population? Just what effect has the new industry had on them? What do the villagers make of Atatürk's official secularism? What happened in the villages when the urban rulers altered the whole legal system, including the whole basis of family law? It is true that many villages in Turkey, especially those in the more fertile parts, or close to large towns, enjoy reasonable living conditions and have fairly close urban contacts. But, nevertheless, the two villages I studied, which were in a poor area—one of them was fairly isolated—are typical of thousands of villages in Anatolia (the Asiatic part of Turkey), and many things about them would apply to some people in most villages in Turkey. With few exceptions the people of these villages are poor, and, though they do sell some of their products, they think of themselves primarily as producing for their own use. Many men, it is true, go away from time to time to work in the towns, but they seem to remain on the fringes of urban society, and apart from wrist watches, bicycles, and natty suits they do not bring back much of the urban way of life to the village.

My villagers, like the majority of Turkish peasants, were devout, orthodox Moslems. Many said their five daily prayers, and all the men regularly attended the mosque at Friday noon. Their religion is very real to them. In fact, if villagers are arguing about anything they very often try to settle it by reference to the 'Book'—the Koran. I have often heard the elders deploring the impiety of such new ideas as greater freedom for women, and they do not like the Latin script either—the script of the infidels—which is taught in the new government schools. Still, they all have a profound respect for Atatürk, the Gazi—'Gazi' means a 'Holy Conqueror'—and never seem to couple him with the new measures of which they disapprove.

The working of the new, borrowed legal code in the villages is a subject for a whole book in itself. Take marriage, for example—though I must confess, it is an extreme case. All that really matters in a village marriage is the correct performance of the Islamic ritual, and anyone learned enough to know the formula can do this. First marriages are usually registered with the state, but any subsequent re-arrangements—divorces, second marriages, or the occasional taking of a second wife—are not done according to the law of the land, but simply according to village custom. This means, of course, that many men are living with women who, though regarded as their wives by all their neighbours, are not so, legally speaking, and special laws have been passed to make children of such unions legitimate.

On the other hand, things are now beginning to move in the villages. The recent increase in agricultural production has set the standard of living on the upgrade—quite sharply, in fact. The Democratic Party which came to power in 1950 has shown a good deal of enthusiasm for village welfare. Farm machinery has been made available on easy-credit terms—the total number of tractors went from 2,000 odd in 1948 to 35,000 in 1953; new roads have been built; lorries have started regular services between town and village, to replace the ox-cart; schoolmasters

have arrived; in many villages water works have been undertaken. All this has meant that the villagers have begun to feel someone is taking an interest in them, and to expect, even at times to demand, government assistance. Besides this, they can now buy many manufactured goods and luxury foods, such as coffee, tea, and sugar, on a far greater scale than before. The prosperity, however, has not fallen evenly. The rich benefit the most, and in some cases landless peasants, who used to share-crop other people's land, have lost their jobs because the landowner now farms the land with machinery. Better communications and more money about in the villages will obviously upset the traditional way of life, but it is a mistake to assume that customary ways of thinking can change in a year or two. I do not think one can yet speak of a transformation of Turkish villages.

But there is one very striking change on the village horizon—the beginning of party politics in a real sense. Of course, Atatürk had a party, the Republican People's Party, but it was the only party in his day, and remained so right up to 1945. It seems that Atatürk himself tried to get an opposition going, but the opposition opposed too fundamentally, and the experiment had to be dropped. His own party was intended mainly as a force for education and, indeed, it did do much educational and cultural work through a series of institutions called People's Houses. But after the war, a splinter party from the Republican People's Party was formed, and though the 1946 elections were not very well conducted, this new party, the Democratic Party, did have some sixty members in the Grand National Assembly from 1946 to 1950. In the meantime, a new election law—an excellent one—was framed, and the Democratic Party began to campaign and organise on a national scale, and set out to catch the village vote. The result was the famous 1950 election, when the Democrats won a complete and resounding victory over the ruling party in a fair election. This is the only example I know of, where a single party after a period of dictatorship has voluntarily faced the risk of defeat in a straightforward election: it was a remarkable achievement. But one honest election does not make parliamentary democracy. There have been some signs—which I very much hope I am misinterpreting—that the Democrats might use unfair means to stay in power—if they had to. But I do not think this will be at all necessary in the next election, which is due this May.

Curiosity about Foreign Affairs

One of the first things a villager will start talking about to any Englishman or American who turns up in his village is the international situation. Curiosity about foreign affairs was greatly stimulated by the Korean war—almost everyone knew of someone who was fighting the Russians, as they called it. The conversation generally leads on to the wickedness of the Russians and then to the brotherhood of Turkey, America, and Britain. On closer acquaintance I have found that, though some people are grateful for American aid, there is a good deal of suspicion of American motives. All the same, Government and people are firmly committed to the west emotionally as well as militarily and economically. Enmity for Russia is traditional and goes back to the days of the rivalry between Sultan and Tsar. The co-operation between the U.S.S.R. and Turkey in the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties was a purely *ad hoc* arrangement for mutual convenience and it is certainly noticeable that the Turks never had any truck with communism at home.

To sum up, there are really two Turkeys. The educated townsmen and the villagers. Both of these are solidly in the western camp, if for somewhat different reasons. And the highly successful programme of economic development is already bringing them closer together. So much change all at once is bound to cause teething troubles, but Turkey is, I believe, likely to remain stable and pro-western.—*Home Service*

The Spring number of *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television*, Vol. VIII, No. 3, contains among other articles one on 'How to Look at Television' by Dr. T. W. Adorno, a Professor of Frankfurt University; an article on 'The Seventh International Edinburgh Film Festival' by May Gordon Williamson, and on the Fourteenth Venice Film Festival by Thalia Selz. In the series 'Shakespeare in the Mass Media', Frank W. Wadsworth, an assistant Professor at California University, discusses 'King Lear' on Television', and Alan K. Stout, Professor of Moral and Political Philosophy at Sydney University, considers 'Shakespeare on the Air in Australia'. The *Quarterly* is published by the University of California Press (price 9s. 6d.) and the agents for Great Britain and Northern Ireland are the Cambridge University Press.

Kenya's New Deal

By the Rt. Rev. LEONARD BEECHER, Bishop of Mombasa

IN spite of Mau Mau, Kenya has got its new constitution. I want to try to explain what has happened. Let me make it clear that I do not occupy any position of political responsibility in Kenya today. But I have seen something of the working of its government, because from 1943 until 1947 I was a member of Kenya's Legislative Council: in fact I was the last European member nominated to represent African interests—and after that I sat on the Executive Council in a similar capacity until 1952. As Anglican Bishop in the diocese which covers the whole of Kenya, I am no less concerned with European affairs than I am with African. So I am deeply committed to a policy that involves achieving a multi-racial society in which African, European, and Asian—and that includes Arab—all play their parts for the common good. The Church in Kenya is by its very constitution a multi-racial society.

The Background

It is because the new constitutional changes are a step towards forming a multi-racial society that I am so deeply interested in them. Before I can make clear what these changes mean I shall have to sketch in the background that we started from. It was the Imperial British East Africa Company which first brought what is now Kenya Colony into association with Great Britain—through the Foreign Office. Later, the Colonial Office took over direct control and, early in this century, the very small Legislative Council was started. As the colony became more prosperous, however, and was able to take on more and more financial responsibility for itself, grants from the Colonial Office diminished and eventually disappeared; at the same time the Legislative Council assumed more and more responsibility. (Some people here still believe that the Governor and senior government officials in Kenya—if not the whole Civil Service—are paid by the British tax-payer. This is not so.)

To begin with, the actual government of Kenya was carried on by 'officials': we call our Civil Servants 'officials' and the members of the various races who are not employed as Civil Servants, or, in particular, who do not hold government positions, are called 'unofficials'. The first unofficials to become members of the Legislative Council were Europeans; later, the Asians were represented there, and finally Arabs and Africans. For many years the representatives of the Africans were not themselves African—the African community was represented by a European nominated by the Governor: he was usually a missionary. In the 'thirties, that representation was increased to two. When, in 1948, Africans exclusively were nominated to represent their people, their membership was increased to four and, more recently, to six.

For many years the official members were in the majority in the Legislative Council and no unofficial member had any direct responsibility in government, though they did sit on certain government committees. Then, for the first time, an unofficial member, Major Cavendish-Bentinck, who represented a European constituency, was invited to cross the floor of the House to take charge of Agriculture and Natural Resources. Some years later Mr. Vasey was also invited to cross the floor to take charge of Finance. Vasey, by the way, is perhaps our most outstanding example of a member who made his way to Cabinet rank by way of devoted service in local government. Both Cavendish-Bentinck and Vasey in turn resigned their seats as elected representatives of the European community when they took office.

Meanwhile, two other important changes took place. First, government departments were grouped under the direction of members who represented their groups of departments in the Legislative and Executive Councils. The second change concerned the actual membership of the Legislative Council itself. The seats were increased, and the balance of membership was reversed—for the unofficial members representing Asians, Europeans, and Africans, were now given a numerical superiority over the officials. Then, nominated unofficials, of politically independent views, but amenable to the Government Whip, were introduced to the Government Bench.

These changes had a profound effect on the Executive Council—for inevitably the Governor came to rely more and more on the advice of

his members, either individually or collectively, and, as a result, the members who held administrative offices became a kind of informal Cabinet within the Executive Council. Nevertheless these changes were only tentative ones, intended to carry over until there was a full dress review of the constitution. This review had been promised by Mr. James Griffiths when he was Secretary of State for the Colonies. When the emergency broke out, however, this constitutional review had not been held, and the very fact of the emergency was taken as preventing any discussion of the constitution. Yet it was clear that constitutional reform was overdue, and that these tentative changes were outgrowing their usefulness.

Two political organisations played an important part in building up unofficial political opinion: the Kenya African Union and the Electors' Union. The Kenya African Union aimed at filling the same role for the nominated African members of the Legislative Council as did the Electors' Union for the elected European members: to be a representative body to which the African members of the Council could refer in order to keep in touch with the opinion of their people. But, in the last few years, the K.A.U. became more and more a vehicle for subversive Kikuyu nationalism. In this connection, it must be remembered that the Kikuyu are only one of many tribes in Kenya, although, by virtue of their central position in relation to Nairobi, Kikuyu had for long taken a lead in African political affairs. When the emergency was declared the K.A.U. was suppressed. This has meant—and still means—that the African people have no organ of political expression. And of course they are still not an electorate: their members are nominated.

The Electors' Union is the only large-scale political organisation among Europeans, and now expresses the growing spirit of liberalism which has shown itself in individual attitudes and actions on the part of an increasing number of the European community. Partly in spite of the emergency and partly because of it, this liberalism has begun to take a more coherent form. It is associated with the name of Michael Blundell, who was a member of the younger group in the Legislative Council and the leader of the European elected members in the Council.

'A Bolt from the Blue'

Now, suddenly and dramatically, a change has come over the whole situation with the 'new deal' constitution virtually imposed on Kenya by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. It was a bolt from the blue; it was ready-made and virtually offered to the unofficial members of all races in the Legislative Council on the basis of 'take it or leave it'; the Secretary of State saw no one outside the political groups during his visit, however much they were concerned with the issues at stake. But there is no point here in emphasising those facts. There is no point, either, in arguing the view expressed by Mr. Eliud Mathu, leader of the African members, when he asked for an additional African Cabinet position and said that the African can no longer continue to occupy the third place, politically, in his own country. For, whatever one feels about these things, the Lyttelton constitution is now a *fait accompli*, and all six unofficial seats in the cabinet have been filled: three go to Europeans; two to Asians (one of them a Moslem); and one to an African. These new Cabinet members will not resign their seats, as Cavendish-Bentinck and Vasey did when they took office, but it is not yet clear whether their supporters among the unofficials will cross the floor of the house with them, once again creating a government majority, but a government of a different form.

The Africans have had a difficult choice to make: to have declined to participate would clearly have gained them nothing, and they have taken the wholly decorous course of co-operating, even though what they were offered fell short of their expectations. B. A. Ohanga, the Luo member from the west, who has worked long in local government, becomes Minister for Community Development, with J. Jeremiah, the Taita member, as his Parliamentary Secretary. Jeremiah is an older man, a former Civil Servant and a moderate. Ohanga accepted his portfolio after consulting the constituents whom he is nominated to represent. No Kikuyu is in the Cabinet, and the former leader of the

African members—the Kikuyu, Mr. Eliud Mathu—no longer sits in the reconstructed Executive Council.

What has happened is that the Executive Council is virtually eclipsed and the member system and its informal Cabinet gives place to a legally constituted Cabinet Government. But there is a greater difference still, and here lies the genius of the Lyttelton proposals. For Lyttelton has not only brought non-officials into the Government at its highest levels; he has also ensured that each major race—African, European, and Asian—shall share in this Cabinet responsibility. This marks clearly the British Government's determination that the Government of Kenya shall reflect its plural society.

This has been for long the purpose of a significant majority of people of all races in Kenya; but there are exceptions, and the fact that Blundell (who is now Minister without Portfolio) and the majority of his colleagues have accepted the Lyttelton proposals, has forced into the open some others, who were not at one with Blundell in his liberalism. One of these is Humphrey Slade, a former Nairobi lawyer and a man of unimpeachable integrity. For a variety of reasons, one of them being that the time was inopportune. Slade has dissociated himself from the Lyttelton constitution and lined up with what might be called a 'splinter group' political party. This party, the Federal Independence Party, has declared that it rejects 'inter-racial partnership government that allows for removal of control in the colony from Europeans, or in

the affairs of the white areas by other races'. It also declares that the object should be for Kenya to become ultimately federated provinces, with self-government alike for the European and African provinces.

Against this, the dominant European point of view is expressed in a contemporary document as being 'to develop opportunities for all loyal subjects irrespective of race to advance in accordance with character and ability', and says that 'every effort must be made to promote friendly co-operation between groups and races in Kenya. The ultimate objective—a Nation'.

I believe no ultimate harm can come from this difference in view. It is far better to get points of view polarised. For clarification, even though it creates certain tensions, does avoid blurred definitions and ill-defined objectives. The simple fact remains that, by adopting the Lyttelton plan, an extremely important step has been taken in the constitutional development of Kenya, which means that non-officials of all races will take part in the government of the colony. One question of importance remains: will this constitutional change affect the course and the duration of the emergency? The answer is that it will not. The conduct of the emergency will be under the direction of a special War Council. But it will be of profound importance in the period after the emergency—and it is not without significance that it is an African who holds the portfolio of Community Development; for the community of Kenya tomorrow is to be a partnership of black, white, and brown.

—Home Service

The Magic of Despair

MAX GLUCKMAN on the nature of Mau Mau

EVERYONE who has studied Africa's problems must be impressed by the Report of the Parliamentary Delegation to Kenya. It states clearly the political and economic problems which produce unrest among the Kikuyu. But the Members of Parliament confess themselves defeated by Mau Mau itself, its savagery and ritual obscenities. They recommend that 'an inquiry into all the aspects of Mau Mau, psychological and sociological, should be undertaken'. Meanwhile, though the details of Mau Mau rites have not been made public, we know their general character. And even this bare knowledge enables us to speculate about the nature of Mau Mau in the light of other religious and revolutionary movements in Africa. I believe I can show in these the main drives of Mau Mau. And it seems to me that Mau Mau has been produced by the colonisation of Africa, and not by indigenous Africa itself.

'Mau Mau', says the Parliamentary Delegation, 'intentionally and deliberately seeks to lead the Africans of Kenya back to the bush and savagery, not forward into progress'. This is a recurring theme. A member of the delegation in a Sunday newspaper described Mau Mau as 'a bestial "back-to-the-bush" trend'. A great daily newspaper, editorially, goes further: it considers Mau Mau to be the product of 30,000 years (why not 40,000?) of stagnation. Yet there is nothing in African religions akin to the obscenities of Mau Mau. So whatever it is, we cannot simply assume that it is 'a "back-to-the-bush" trend', if by that we are to understand a reversion to African pagan religion and magic.

We now know a good deal about African religions. From the writings of missionaries and administrators, as well as those of anthropologists like myself, one thing is clear. African religions deal with the same problems of human destiny that have been the concern of all religions, in all places and at all times. What is man? Whence does he come and whither does he go? Why should there be good and evil, prosperity and misfortune? How is human society set in the world of nature? What of the relations of men and women, parents and children, magistrates and people? These and other problems have worried all men, no less in Africa than around the Mediterranean and in India and China, where the great universal religions were born. If we look at African religions, and at the answers they give to these problems, we find not darkness but doubts and aspirations akin to our own.

I see these problems as all springing from the question: What is man's destiny, as a member of society, in the universe? But in African religions it was a small universe. African tribes were small in scale; and they answered the question on a small scale. Beyond their borders lay

other tribes, with their own religions. They had, mostly, some idea of a High-God to answer ultimate questions of creation and fate. After creating the world, say many tribes, He withdrew Himself from direct interest in the affairs of men. He is immanent in the world, but no man knows Him now. Indeed the Barotse, a Northern Rhodesian people on the Upper Zambesi, among whom I have worked, say that man's cleverness drove God in fright from the earth. He is now a residue of explanation for how the world came to be what it is, a being who is shrugged away as knowing what no man can know. So that when I asked a Barotse how things were at his home he would reply, 'All were well when I left home this morning; since then—well, God Nyambe knows if there is illness or other misfortune now'. Thus he summed up the chance fate of man, born to sorrow, in this world.

Before the Barotse God fled to Heaven, to avoid man's cleverness and destructiveness, He made Himself wives, and on these wives He begat the various tribes of the region. The Barotse royal family itself is descended from one of God Nyambe's daughters, whom He Himself took to wife. That was, in their reckoning, about eleven generations ago. Thus the Barotse myth of creation gives them recent descent from God. This is a common type of belief, in which a society, as a whole or through its royal rulers, is linked with God. It is characteristic of small-scale societies. Their religions embrace the men of one region only and not of the whole world.

The doctrines of these religions were also defined by the particular structures of the tribes which held them. Africans lacked writing, so they could not work out meticulous and consistent theologies. They had elaborate theologies, but these were developed in social relations, rather than in intellectual speculations. Indeed, because of this setting of theology in social relationships, their religions have a complexity which makes Christianity, Judaism, Islam, and Buddhism seem simple. For a tribal religion covers every kind of social relationship and activity: there is little which is not ritualised. We might expect this in a small-scale society which is dominated by personal relations. Here any activity, such as sowing or harvest, or going on a hunt, involves changes in intimate adjustments, and may be made the subject of ritual. Similarly, the birth of children and their growing up, marriages and deaths, not only affect domestic relations, but also cause widespread disturbances in the tribal social structure. And these changes again may be effected ritually, in ceremonies where all persons affected by the changes appear, and are adjusted to them.

In this situation, the particular roles of individuals in social life become invested with ceremonial. And in ceremonies, correspondingly,

men and women, chiefs and people, appear in terms of their social roles: they act their relations with each other, either directly or in some special symbolic way, or by inverting their behaviour so that, for example, women behave as men. Some of these ceremonies do indeed involve collective obscenities—lewd songs and dances, sometimes even a relaxation of sexual taboos. This type of ritual is associated with occasions when heavy work or hardship is undertaken, for permitted obscenity within limits seems to be related to the release of stores of energy.

Rituals Containing Theological Dogmas

In brief, then, indigenous African rituals are related to the roles of their congregations, and to their particular institutions. These rituals contain a set of theological dogmas. And these dogmas are particularistic. But Africa has now been swept into the western world. In both South and Eastern Africa tribesmen go to work for Europeans. Money, cash, crops, new skills: all these and more involve them in relationships with other Africans, and with Europeans. The old homogeneity of tribal life has gone. This has struck heavily at tribal religions. More, these small-scale religions cannot be expanded to cover relations with foreigners and strangers, whether they be black or white. Rituals rooted in particular institutions cannot easily cover alien institutions. Most African tribes attend on lines of ancestors: but besides giving general prosperity to their descendants, ancestors are concerned with relations between their descendants. The ancestral-cult has kinship boundaries. It cannot cater for the new multifarious activities in which people deal with strangers. Hence African religions are helpless to aid people challenged by urbanisation, by labour migration, by increased competition, by European overlordship.

Thus these religions, which explained man's destiny in the universe, and which pursued the goals of communal peace, prosperity, and morality, appear to be fragile. They last on in tribal areas: they have no place in European centres. In tribes whose men are away at work—sometimes fifty per cent. or more of the able-bodied—the rituals of household, village, and state, can scarcely be performed. Beliefs persist and are carried to labour-centres: but they are isolated and torn out of context.

To meet the threat to their way of life, and to cope with new strains, Africans turned in several directions for supernatural aid. One trend was increasing reliance on another set of their beliefs—those in magic, in oracles, and in witchcraft. Only part of the answer to the problem of man's destiny, and the source of good and evil, fortune and misfortune, was provided by their religion. They also believed that individual misfortunes were due to the evil nature of fellow-men, witches and sorcerers, and they sought to combat these by magic. Professor Evans-Pritchard has explained how these beliefs work.

Briefly, every misfortune has to be accounted for by a 'how' and by a 'why'. If an elephant kills a man by trampling on him, the African sees that he has been killed because elephants are mighty beasts. That is the 'how'. But a series of problems remains: why was this man killed and not another man, by this elephant and not another elephant, on this hunt and not another hunt? Science cannot answer problems of this kind. We say: chance, fate, providence, divine will. All are theological answers. The African says it is due to witchcraft. The belief in witchcraft which explains the particularity of phenomena thus does not contradict science: indeed, it embraces science. For witches do their ill-deeds by using elephants to crush, snakes to poison, overturned canoes to drown, diseases to kill, their victims. And witches do not kill haphazardly. They attack those they envy and hate. So the existence of misfortune is ascribed to the social vices of men—the lack of charity and love. Hence when a man suffers a misfortune, he seeks for the witch among his enemies. He uses magic to combat the witch, and to ensure personal success in advance.

Fears of Witchcraft

These beliefs in witchcraft and magic, and their associated actions, are not firmly tied to particular sets of relationships, as religious ritual is. They can be applied to all new relationships in which men are involved with strangers, and even whites; and they can be turned into old relationships, from which they were excluded in the past, as these begin to break up. Throughout Africa, while ancient religious rituals have faded, fears of witchcraft have burgeoned and magic has blossomed. Struggles for increasingly scarce land, competition for jobs and houses in the towns, conflicts due to cultural disintegration, fights for

power between old and new leaders—all these have loosed greed, envy, hatred, spite, in unrestrained relationships. Fears and accusations of witchcraft multiply in response, and medicine and fetish-cults multiply to meet those fears.

One result has been the development of anti-witchcraft movements. Both in South and in Central Africa there have emerged men who moved through the country with new medicines to cleanse the people of their witchcraft: many people, aware of their vicious feelings, admitted these and asked to be cleansed. The philosophy of these movements has been that if Africans cease to hate and envy each other their present social ills will pass. But, on the whole, magic against witchcraft has burgeoned in individual isolation.

Another movement has been the emergence of nativistic cults—religious movements of return to old rituals. But these have a different value in the new situation: they stand not for native culture in itself but for native culture as a refuge from modern stress. They have been more common in North America and Oceania than in Africa, for some Red Indian and South Sea Island societies have crumbled or been destroyed, as African tribes have not.

Meanwhile, egalitarian Islam has offered spiritual consolation to many Africans; and the spiritual message of Christianity has been important. But in South and Central and East Africa, Christianity has come up against the colour bar. There are many practising Christian Africans: but throughout these regions there has been a proliferation of separatist Christian sects, sects led by Africans, for Africans, against white domination. Some are modelled on the sects of missionaries: others draw both on Christianity and on indigenous belief. Many are revivalistic, and believe in a Heaven where the colour bar is reversed, and the white skin is a signal for exclusion. These churches are based on the Old Testament and the coming of a Messiah: they cleanse from sin and witchcraft, and they heal the sick. Some are rackets. But all are political movements. In South Africa where almost all trade-union and political association among Africans is restricted, they are almost the only forms of organisation allowed.

Bullets into Water

This, then, is the general scene in which I see Mau Mau. For many years Africa has been a turmoil of religious movements and magical practices. These have to be set in a continent where men are always on the move between rural homes and white centres of employment, separated for long periods from wives and children, crowded in slums, seeing their land reduced and eroded, their culture decaying. They live under an alien overlordship which is often unintelligible to them. All too frequently when they have attempted to form political and industrial unions these have been proscribed and their leaders arrested. The military strength of their rulers is dominating. Sporadically rebellions occur: magic is then called on to turn bullets into water, as in the Zulu Bambada Rebellion of 1906.

Our Parliamentary Delegation describes Kenya in terms of the colour bar, the slums of Nairobi, wages fixed on the assumption that the man's family lives on the land, and that land deteriorating, the flow of migrants separated from kin, the gulf between Government and people, lack of social security, the difficulties of labour organisation. The delegation does not mention the separatist sects which are common in Kenya, nor the efflorescence of magic and witchcraft. All these conditions seem likely to have produced Mau Mau; at least it is not a product of pagan Africa. Why it should have emerged among the Kikuyu I cannot say, since we know too little. But we do know that the Kikuyu had no indigenous chiefs, and since the government-appointed chiefs have been frequently attacked, there is clearly some connection with internecine struggle for power among a people close to a big town, short of land, without native leaders of a united people. Beyond this, all the evidence indicates that to some extent Mau Mau is a nihilistic movement of desperation—kill and be killed. Its adherents, to quote a Czech doctor on whom the Parliamentary Delegation relies, 'murder but not for the sake of furthering a cause, they just kill on being instructed to kill. . . . Death for them means only deliverance'. Its savagery is not specifically African: all-too-recent history shows that European nations with a long tradition of Christianity can be savage in this way, too. From what we know of the rituals, we can see two strains. One is the use of magic, to counter overwhelming force, and of Kikuyu-type oaths. But these oaths are now based on fantasies of what sorcerers and secret societies in other parts of Africa are reputed to do. And the result is not a reversion to pagan rituals, even what we

(continued on page 737)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Boring Modern Novels?

IN the new Third Programme series 'Literary Opinion' Mr. Angus Wilson had some sensible if provocative things to say about the future of the novel. His remarks are published on another page in this number. He observed that novels 'are works of entertainment and, since they express their meaning in terms of characters, they are ultimately social statements'. Since the war, he remarked, the entertainment element in serious novels has begun to disappear—and its absence has undoubtedly impoverished English novels'. This no doubt is blunt and even unkind, but can one doubt that it is largely true? The novel is a comparatively modern form of literature (except by ingenious academic definitions it can scarcely be said to have existed before the eighteenth century) and it could easily die. Today it is commonly said, though statistics may not sustain the assertion, that biography and travel are becoming more popular among intelligent readers than is the novel. And so it would not be impossible for the writing of novels, as distinct from well-written autobiographies, to wane away. And that would be regrettable.

All our great novelists from Goldsmith and Richardson to H. G. Wells and E. M. Forster have been above all else entertaining, and even Wells began to grow a bore when he became absorbed in sociology and politics. But just as novelists at the beginning of the present century became deeply concerned with social reform, so in more modern times, under the impulse of Joyce and Virginia Woolf, many of them have been compellingly attracted by technical experiment. In this they have also been influenced by the *Zeitgeist*, for one can certainly point to the same concern with technical experiment among modern British painters and composers. But technique, it should surely be remembered—and this applies also in other forms of writing, such as biography—is of primary interest only to other practitioners of the art. What is important, to the general public at any rate, is whether the technique justifies itself not simply in its newness but in its effectiveness. Novelists who are, above all, anxious to present in its fullest light the inner psychology of their characters tend to forget that what most readers seek is a view of life as a whole rather than a narrow approach to it merely through dialogue or a stream of subconsciousness.

As to what Mr. Wilson calls 'the social context of the contemporary English novel' it is here that obviously the present-day writer of fiction finds his greatest difficulties. In the past ten years we have been undergoing one of the biggest social and political transformations in our history. The Welfare State has replaced the guilt-stricken world of unemployment in the early 'thirties: the stock comic characters of fiction and the stage, such as the butler and the tweeny, have almost disappeared. A universe in arms, divided into two apparently irreconcilable camps, dominates contemporary thought and emotions. All this no doubt makes for seriousness in fiction, but a younger generation of novelists capable of discussing in readable terms things as they are and not as they used to be has still not established itself. It is easy for the modern novelist to complain about the hardness of the times—and undoubtedly it is a more difficult age in which to write than was the earlier part of the century—but he must not place all the blame for his troubles on television or the graspings of publishers. There will still be a market for his wares if he can adjust them to the needs of his own times.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Petrovs

THE FIRST NEWS of the Petrov case heard by the Soviet and satellite peoples from their own radios or press was on April 24, when they were informed that the Soviet Union had broken off diplomatic relations with Australia. On the evening of April 24 Moscow radio—followed by the satellite radios—broadcast the Soviet Note to Australia, in which it was alleged that Mr. Petrov had stolen considerable sums from the Soviet Embassy and that the Australian authorities had kidnapped Mrs. Petrov. The Note protested at Australia's refusal to hand them both over, and claimed that any documents Mr. Petrov took with him were forgeries. The only previous reference to Mrs. Petrov occurred a few days earlier in a 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna, which claimed that many hundreds of Australians at Sydney airfield had called upon her to stay in Australia. 'When this attempt had misfired, the Australian Government . . . forced the pilot to land at Darwin' where 'twelve policemen hurled themselves on the two officials of the Soviet Embassy and took Mrs. Petrov to Government House. There she is alleged to have asked for asylum'. The incident was referred to as a piece of 'gangsterism'. In Australia, the Melbourne newspaper *Argus* was quoted as saying that the whole Petrov incident had provided a demonstration of communist methods and brought home to Australians the nature of the alien forces which oppose them. In Canada, the *Montreal Star* was quoted as expressing gratification that the Australian authorities had not hesitated to act for fear of offending the Soviet Union. It went on:

We remember that when Gouzenko fled the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa the Russians used strong-arm methods, breaking into his apartment, trying to track him down and drag him back to the fastness of the Embassy. They were frustrated there as they have been in Australia, and as we should hope they will be frustrated wherever a Soviet citizen seeks freedom.

From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that Mrs. Petrov's courageous decision had earned the praise of the free world. The newspaper also praised the Australian Government for making her decision possible, and added:

The desperate measures taken by the Soviet authorities can only be explained by fear of the exposures Mr. and Mrs. Petrov can make to the free world. Humanity, whose heart has been touched by this couple's trials, awaits those revelations and wishes these newest citizens of the free world happiness together in the future.

The case of Captain Khokhlov—which, up to the time of writing, has not yet been mentioned in Moscow broadcasts—led commentators in the free world to point out that this defection from the Soviet Secret Police, coupled with that of Mr. Petrov, had added to public knowledge of the widespread nature of Soviet espionage, murder, and abduction activities. Some commentators speculated on whether the defections could be said to show a serious crack in the morale of the Soviet Secret Police, following Beria's execution. All east German stations repeatedly broadcast a statement said to have been made by Mr. Trushnovich (the leader of the same Russian *émigré* organisation a member of which Captain Khokhlov was instructed to assassinate). Mr. Trushnovich was recently kidnapped from the western zone of Berlin. In the statement said to have been made by him he 'confessed' to having come to the eastern zone by his own volition because he was disgusted at being used for the purpose of the U.S. Secret Service and its sabotage activities. An east German commentary on the alleged statement called for mistrust of all 'fairy tales' about kidnapping.

Russian, Chinese, and satellite broadcasts continued to accuse the Americans of trying to wreck the Geneva Conference in advance. Much publicity was given to Mr. Bevan's article in *Tribune*. His opposition to 'aggressive U.S. plans in south-east Asia', as well as to German militarisation, was said to be widely supported in Britain. A Moscow broadcast declared:

Time will show how . . . sincerely and consistently Bevan and his sympathisers among the Labour Party leadership will uphold the point of view shared by the overwhelming majority of the British people.

Much publicity was given in east Germany to the Pope's Easter message. But while many communist broadcasts—hitherto loud in their denunciation of the Pope and Roman Catholicism—last week praised the Pope and made overtures to Roman Catholics to support the communist campaign for the banning of atomic weapons, Russian broadcasts continued their general anti-religious drive.

Did You Hear That?

A MODEL ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSE

AN EXHIBITION illustrating the English theatre in Elizabethan times is being sent abroad by the British Council. The exhibition includes a model playhouse of the period made by RICHARD SOUTHERN, who described it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'The Elizabethan playhouse', he said, 'was not, it seems to me, a theatre in an old-fashioned style of decoration, belonging to Tudor times; it was up to date and incorporated the latest Renaissance style just spreading from the Continent.'

'The form of the Elizabethan theatre is familiar. Many models have been made showing its ring of three galleries and its stage projecting into the centre of the unroofed yard—a stage, by the way, surprisingly big, even according to modern standards. And there is left to us just one drawing by a man who actually saw the inside of an Elizabethan theatre—a Dutchman, called De Witt, who came to London about 1596—and his drawing is in black and white with no colour. But I have often wondered what an Elizabethan theatre would really look like if we could re-create the colour. What made spectators call these theatres "gorgeous", "stately", and "painted"?''

'I knew that many of the Dutch street pageants at this time had brilliant stages built in timber, but canvased and painted to simulate marble. Were our "stately" theatres anything like this? I believe they were because De Witt said that they were decorated with wooden columns, painted to imitate marble so as to deceive the cleverest eye. So it was with this in mind that I began my model. About a third of the ring of galleries is cut away so that the spectator can, as it were, enter the model and look, as the audience did, across the yard to the stage—a stage hung round below with painted hangings, changeable for each kind of show, including black for tragedies. Round the edge of the stage is a rail with a flat top on which an actor could sit, and on it there are two tall Corinthian columns supporting the "heavens"—a painted ceiling from which celestial thrones and heavenly visions could be lowered through a trap. The fronts of the galleries are decorated with two kinds of marbling, one a warm yellow and the other a deep green.'

'There is one additional point of interest. We know that, whatever the play, the same majestic and stately background rose behind, with the same doors and the same balcony above, and we also know that things were often set on this stage to stamp a scene—such as a pair of tents for a battlefield, a bed, or a throne. It delighted me to find a little print (so far as I can tell unknown) which shows a theatre indoors, about 1630, where, above the curtain background, there peep a couple of tree-tops. Similar trees were ready to be brought in and set up on the platforms of the public theatres, to add yet another, and contrasting, charm to the splendour of those painted stages'.

MORE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS IN EGYPT

For the second year running, a small team of the Egypt Exploration Society has carried out successful excavations at the Pharaonic City of the Dead at Sakkara, the desert south of Cairo. The team, led by Professor Brian Emery, Professor of Egyptology at University College, London, has uncovered another tomb of the First Dynasty, some 5,000 years old. PATRICK SMITH, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent, spoke about this discovery in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'I have just returned from Sakkara', he said, 'where Professor Emery showed me the site some three-quarters of an acre in extent, on which he has been working with experts from England and Holland on behalf of the Egyptian Government Service of Antiquities. The layout of the tomb, he explained to me, was the prototype of the pyramid burial which came with the next dynasties.'

'The tomb itself had long since been robbed, and, in addition had been destroyed almost entirely by fire. This, the Professor thought, may well have been done deliberately by successors of the king, believed to have been buried there, to wipe out any memorial to him. The fire must have raged for weeks, for the walls of the tomb, fifteen feet thick, had been burnt red right through. Yet, even with all this destruction, it is still possible for the

archaeologist to reconstruct a complete idea of what the tomb was like in its original form.

'Professor Emery has done exactly this, and prepared detailed plans and sketches of his important find. From them it is clear that the tomb, when first built, was a magnificent sight, standing on high ground above the Nile Delta, some fifty feet high, with a slightly rounded roof, and with elaborately painted walls.'

'Finds in the tomb include many seals for great jars of wine and food which were placed for the use of the king in the after life. These seals all bear the royal hieroglyphic mark of the King Kaa, the last king of the earliest Egyptian dynasty recorded. The bones of a man, thought to be the architect of the tomb, who was buried near his royal master as a signal honour, were found during this recent excavation. But by far the most important find I was told was that of a "Stela", or grave stone, inscribed with the names of the architects, one of the earliest examples of inscriptions of this kind yet discovered.'

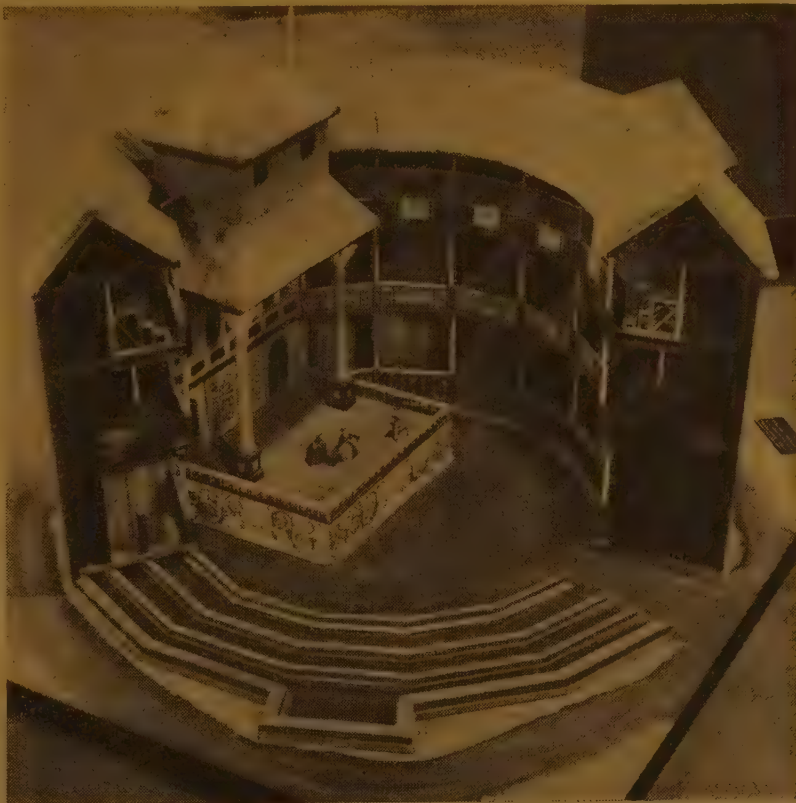
Professor Emery told me that he hopes to continue the long tradition of Anglo-Egyptian co-operation in the archaeological field by bringing another team of experts here next year. He already has plans for further excavations at Sakkara which he hopes will help towards solving some of the remaining riddles of ancient Egypt'.

MUTTON BIRDS

Mutton birding is now in full swing in Australia. The industry centres upon some islands in Bass Strait, between the mainland and Tasmania, which are the breeding grounds of dark-coloured birds about the size of ducks, usually called mutton birds. Naturalists know them as short-tailed shearwaters, or petrels. ALEC CHISHOLM, a noted Australian naturalist in Sydney, spoke about them in the Light Programme.

'In 1790 military men and convicts found the nesting burrows of the birds to be abundant on Norfolk Island. And they found, too, that the flesh tasted "like to mutton", hence the term mutton bird. Similarly, the birds were also called flying sheep. Another burrowing petrel of Norfolk Island was given the title of the bird of providence. That name was based on the fact that the birds actually saved the lives of marines, sailors, and convicts who were left without food, when supply ships failed to reach the island from Sydney.'

'These particular mutton birds come to Australia only for nesting purposes; essentially they are birds of the Pacific. In September they return in great flights to their nesting islands, there to clean out the burrows, and engage in noisy courtships. The old birds and the eggs



Model of an Elizabethan playhouse, made by Mr. Richard Southern

are now strictly protected, but the nestlings are used as food, either salt-cured for sale in Tasmania and Victoria, or sent by air in a fresh state to other centres. Oil from the crop or stomach is sold for pharmaceutical purposes, and the body fat is rendered down for sale to dairy farmers as a subsidiary in the feeding of calves.

'The mutton birders are mainly Cape Barren islanders, direct descendants of the pioneer straitsmen. At the end of March they go across to the bird islands, both men and women, and they take their children with them, too; their school closes specially for the season. The whole family takes its household effects with it, and for about six weeks they concentrate on mutton birding. The nestlings are taken by hand by the catchers, and are immediately processed. Almost 500,000 birds were caught in the Furneaux group last year, and these fetched about £5 per 100 at the islands'.

FORTY BELOW ZERO

Two officers of the Royal Marines have recently returned to Britain from Arctic Canada, where they have been attending a month's Arctic course, arranged by the Canadian Army at Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, designed to give experience of living in temperatures of forty degrees below zero. One of the officers, Captain JOHN UNIACKE, of the Royal Marines, spoke about his experiences in a Home Service talk.

'The course', he said, 'gave me a completely new conception of arctic conditions. In fact, looking back, I can say that I would rather live in a tent at forty degrees below than bivouac on Dartmoor in winter. We spent the first fortnight attending lectures on how to look after ourselves in extreme cold, and on how to look after our clothing and equipment. We were told, for example, that if you take a rifle into a tent during cold weather, condensation forms on the working parts, and when you take it out they will not work. They will freeze up. Another point the instructors made was that if you do not put your snowshoes up a tree at night, you run the risk of an Arctic fox eating the straps.

'And as for looking after ourselves, we were warned about the effects of cold on the human body, that when you close an eye to squint along the sights of your rifle, the moisture between the lids freezes, so that you cannot open it again, or anyhow not without difficulty. They showed us films to give us background to life in the Northlands, and on such specific subjects as building an igloo. And then we were introduced to items of military equipment that were new, anyhow to me: to a snow knife—a nasty-looking weapon about two feet long, designed on the knife Eskimos use to cut snow-blocks for their igloos—to sleds, and snowshoes, and so forth. Then we were sent out into the wild country inland from Fort Churchill, into a desolation as barren as I had ever seen. The temperature was about thirty below zero, with a wind which makes thirty below feel a good deal colder than it is without a wind. But none of us came to any harm during our eight days on the trail, apart from one or two minor cases of frostbite.

'Back in the lecture-rooms we were told that one way of stopping your face from freezing was to move the muscles, and our rations included chewing gum, so that our jaws kept moving automatically. But nothing will stop exhaled breath freezing on your balaclava, and on a moustache if you have one. That first night under Arctic con-

ditions in a tent gave me confidence that one can sleep out even in thirty-below weather, and not only survive but be reasonably comfortable.

'Most of our clothing had already undergone several years of test under Arctic conditions by the Canadian Army. But our windproof trousers and parka—the parka is a sort of one-piece smock or blouse with a detachable hood—were made in Britain. The parkas the Canadians wore were nylon. This has at least one disadvantage—it crackles in extreme cold, an obvious drawback if you are stalking an animal in the stillness of the Northlands. But the Canadian Army is testing a new line in parkas. The parkas we wore were not only silent but gave us complete protection'.

A SCOT IN LIVERPOOL

'A few days after we moved in', said NANCY LEARMONTH in 'The Northcountryman', 'the electric light crashed to the living-room floor. I went out to buy some flex. And with it, I got my first taste of the difficulties which face a Scot in Liverpool.

"Do you keep flex?", I asked the girl in the hardware shop. She looked blank for a moment and then said:

"Do you mean soap flex?"

'That was three years ago. Since then, I've gradually learned this foreign language. Not to speak it—as you can hear—but I understand, and am understood. And looking back, there seem to have been three stages in the learning process.

'During the first weeks and months, the normal housekeeping adventures met by most new wives were further complicated for me by this language problem. I asked the baker for a "half-loaf", only to be met with an astonished glare; my husband demanded "tackets" in the shoe-maker's, instead of hob-nails. This first phase of learning what not to say sometimes made us over-cautious. When household repairs took me back to the hardware shop, I asked laboriously: "Do

you keep those nails pointed at both ends and shaped like a letter U?" "You mean staples, don't you?", said the soap-flex girl. "Yes", I replied weakly, "but I didn't think you would call them that here!"

'As time went on, we found ourselves learning the local terms and even beginning to use them, though not with the correct intonation. This was the second phase of our education. I could now reply intelligently when the baker asked: "Do you want a tinny or a Devvy, luv?" I had learned the difference between tin and Devonshire loaves.

'And after a rainstorm we knew that it was the "gooter" that got blocked, and not the "ronie-pipe". And talking of drainage, when we had to summon the Council men to clear a choked drain in the roadway, the telephone conversation was a nightmare, for while we knew that it would not be called a "siver" we were yet to learn the local term "gooly". And when the men arrived with their elephant's trunk machine to clear the drain, we were prepared to talk knowledgeably about "goolies"—only to fall into another trap. I dashed out to ask "is our car in the road?" meaning of course "in the way", but alas it was an unwitting Scotticism, for the driver replied: "Well, it isn't in your garden, any road!" Sadly I realised that there was still much to learn.

'But now we are seeing the development of the third phase. At nearly two, our daughter is beginning to speak the language as a matter of course. For she is a Liverpolitan (not Liverpudlian, please)—and a citizen of what is after all no mean city'.



Arctic training for the Canadian Army: a paratroop officer leading the trek to base camp. Each man carries complete equipment for the course

How Science Can Help Industry

By AUSTEN ALBU, M.P.

THE industrial revolution started in Britain with little benefit of science and in spite of the distaste of the universities for technology. The inventions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were mostly the work of ingenious mechanics, often amateurs, and scientific principles were applied before they were understood. Inventors tried to reproduce by mechanical means those movements which for centuries had been performed by the hands of craftsmen, and then to harness steam power to drive their new machinery. Even the modern chemical industry has its origins in processes developed to meet the growing needs of the textile industry for dyes and for washing materials. It is not, therefore, surprising that British industrialists should have developed an excessive admiration for what they called the practical man; a point of view in which they were assisted by the attitude of the universities, which, although they had reluctantly admitted pure science, would not admit that its application was a fit study for higher education.

Demand for Graduates

Later on, the universities changed their minds and new universities were founded in London and in the growing industrial towns. In these, science and technology played a much larger part, but the traditional industries on which we were still mainly dependent at the beginning of the century were slow to realise their value, and the employment of graduate engineers or scientists remained the rather exotic practice of a few advanced firms. This was still the case, as I well remember, when I graduated in the early 'twenties from the City and Guilds College, which is the Engineering School of the Imperial College of Science and Technology. In those days there were no queues of personnel officers at the professors' doors waiting to snap up the promising student in his second year, as there are today; the grammar schools had no need to complain that the competition of industry was robbing them of capable science masters. Graduates were two a penny. Nowadays an examination of the advertisement columns of the better newspapers any day of the week shows that an enormous change has taken place. Not only are there long lists of advertisements for qualified engineers wanted to work on research, development, and design, and even on production, but a new category has recently appeared, and the heading 'scientist' now takes its place among the columns of situations vacant for 'managers and executives', 'engineers, draughtsmen, and mechanics', and 'foremen and craftsmen'.

The industries of our main competitors were built up much later and under very different conditions and in a very different social climate. In Germany, the state encouraged the building up of vast integrated enterprises for military as well as economic reasons, and they were supported by an extensive system of scientific and technological education in the universities and in technical high schools of university standing. In the United States the Federal Government, anxious to develop the natural resources of that vast territory, made its grants of land to the new States dependent on their devoting part of the revenue which they acquired from them to the foundation of colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts. Most of these colleges have now become state universities; so that a large part of the university system of the United States has grown up by exactly the opposite process to that of most European universities, based as they were on the teaching of what we know as the arts subjects. In this way the Germans were able to make astounding advances in many branches of engineering and of chemicals, while from the end of the last century the United States began overhauling the rest of the world in the technique of manufacture, especially in the field of mass production.

Before the last war many criticisms were heard of British industry for its failure to employ the resources of science and, in particular, for the small amount of money, compared with its competitors, that it spent on research and development. It was for this reason that the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was set up in 1916 to control research in government establishments and to encourage and subsidise research in industry. Recently the changed economic position

of our country in the world and the popularisation of the dramatic war-time inventions of our scientists have produced a new awareness of the importance of science to our livelihood and have revived the criticisms of British industry.

Are these criticisms justified? The conditions I have described demonstrate that a great change has taken place in the last thirty years; part of this is due to our defence programme and the heavy demands on scientists and engineers made by it, but also in the civilian field some industries are spending much more on research and development and on the employment of qualified staff than they did before the war.

It is difficult to get complete and accurate figures, but some rough calculations I have made indicate that last year we spent in this country about £270,000,000 on applied research outside the universities, of which £215,000,000 was carried out by or for the Government, most of it for defence purposes. As far as it is possible to make comparisons, it seems that in the United States the total amount spent was five times as great and the proportion of this larger total spent on defence somewhat less. So that, even allowing for the greater population of the United States, it would appear as if British industry still has a considerable way to go to catch up. The Federation of British Industries has made a number of surveys of expenditure on industrial research and development among its member-firms known to have such programmes. The last one was in the year 1950-1951. It must be borne in mind that the members of the federation are, by and large, the bigger firms in the country, which can be expected to spend more in this way. The results of the latest survey showed that in the first five post-war years, expenditure on research and development had gone up by at least fifty per cent. and that compared with the immediate pre-war period it had multiplied more than three times, even after allowing for the change in costs.

Some comparisons with the United States can be obtained from a recently published study of scientific research and development in American industry made by the United States Bureau of Labour Statistics and Department of Defence. This showed that the average firm in a sample of 2,000 companies employed on research 116 persons. This compares with 100 persons per firm in the F.B.I. sample. It is significant, however, that in the American firms forty-eight of those persons were graduate engineers or scientists, while in the average British firm only twenty-eight persons had university degrees or other professional qualifications. Comparisons between the qualities of these staffs are difficult to make. Higher National Certificates were included among the professional qualifications of the staffs in the British firms; there is no equivalent American qualification, but an American Bachelor degree in engineering or applied science is probably of little higher standard than an English Higher National Certificate. No doubt, the British firms also employed a number of people with ordinary National Certificates, who were not included in the figures; but it remains true that the proportion of qualified staff was much higher in the United States firms.

Expenditure on Research in the U.K. and U.S.A.

It is natural that expenditure on research and development should vary greatly between industries, and here the comparison with America shows a considerable degree of correspondence. As a proportion of the value of sales, it ranges from textiles with 0.5 per cent. in the United Kingdom and 0.9 per cent. in the United States, to scientific instruments with 5.1 per cent. in the United Kingdom and 5.8 per cent. in the United States. It is worth noting that the proportion in the American textile industry is almost double that in the British. In the United States the Federal Government paid for nearly half the work done by the whole sample of companies studied, the proportion varying from 85 per cent. in aircraft down to 7 per cent. in chemicals. What is perhaps surprising is that even in electrical machinery 57 per cent. of the research was paid for by the Government. Approximately half the research engineers and scientists were working on government-financed

projects, almost all of which were sponsored by the Department of Defence or the Atomic Energy Commission and this number was 50 per cent. higher at the beginning of 1952 than it had been in 1951. No figures are available to show the proportion of government research work in this country which is carried out solely in industry; no doubt, in aircraft it would have been as high as in the United States.

British Technical Resources

It is possible to get a more intimate and representative picture of the use of scientific resources by a cross-section of British industry, thanks to a survey undertaken by the Manchester Research Council in 1951 and 1952 and published last month under the title of *Industry and Science**. This is one of a number of studies, sponsored by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, of the technical resources of British industry.

Investigators visited 225 firms employing not less than fifty persons each and with works situated in the greater Manchester area. These firms covered most of the industries in the area, with the exception of clothing, building, mining, transport, electricity, and gas production. The very large companies, which have establishments all over the country, were also excluded, and this, no doubt, partly accounts for the fact that the results showed a lower proportion of qualified staff employed than in the F.B.I. sample in which the average size of companies was very much larger. It could also be accounted for by the fact that the definition of qualified staff was probably narrower in the Manchester survey—only scientists with university degrees or technologists with corporate membership of recognised professional institutions being counted. On this basis it was found that the 225 firms had between them a total of 684 scientists and 613 technologists. Nearly half of them had none at all, but these firms employed only 16 per cent. of the total number of employees in the whole sample. In view of the fact that these figures covered staff employed in all departments, and not only on research and development, it looks as if the overall use of qualified staff is significantly lower than that revealed in the F.B.I. study.

Unfortunately, the four categories into which the Manchester researchers divided their sample are not very helpful when it comes to comparing the performance of particular industries. It is not surprising that the group of industries described as modern, which included chemicals, electrical engineering, precision instruments, and rayon production, should have employed on the average ten times the qualified staff of the textile industry. Three-quarters of the textile firms undertook no research or development work at all, and this also applied to two-thirds of the firms in engineering which included metal manufacture and metal goods and to the remaining firms in a miscellaneous group of trades. These were mostly of small or medium size, but they included a few employing over 1,000 persons each. The authors attempted to classify firms according to their need for scientific resources and to assess the extent to which that need was adequately fulfilled. Their view is that one-third of industry does not require much from science; another third mainly requires competent application of established principles; and only the final third needs the aid and stimulus of science. Five-sixths of the firms in the last group were considered to be adequately staffed, but only two-fifths in the middle group.

The authors do not claim that this can be other than a subjective judgment, but the classification itself must be entirely a matter of opinion, which is bound to be influenced by the existing habits of the industries themselves. Who can say that a long-established industry, carrying out what appears to be a routine process, cannot be revolutionised by the application of some piece of fundamental research, let alone the application of the scientific method to a study of its problems? One of the most brilliant examples of this occurred as long ago as 1865, when Pasteur stopped a silkworm epidemic that was ruining the French silk producers. Although he had never before seen a silkworm he was able by careful experiment and accurate observation to find out the cause of the disease and suggest means of preventing it. Could not the decline of the textile industry in this country have been retarded if more individual firms had employed scientifically trained staff to study their processes of manufacture? Where this has been done, there have sometimes been astonishing results: one wool spinning firm, for instance, enormously increased its productivity after a study of the process by a university mathematician. Where the services of the Shirley Institute, which is the Research Association for the cotton industry, have been used, they have always resulted in increased output. I find it difficult to believe that there is any industry which would not benefit from the proper use of scientifically trained staff.

In the firms studied it was found that the university graduates were mostly employed in research and the technologists with professional qualifications only were more often found in supervision and plant operation. The authors of the report express the view that too little attention is being given to the service which both types can render to maintaining or improving the efficiency of plant and of methods of production. Examples are given of plant being operated at very much less than possible efficiency, because of lack of scientific supervision, even in firms which employed qualified men in other departments. This evidence supports the frequently expressed opinion that the greatest immediate benefit to British industry from science would be reaped by a far greater employment of scientifically trained men in the direction and control of production. This is even so in industries which are in the van of product research and development. It is certainly so in the aircraft industry, as Sir Roy Fedden pointed out at a recent conference on aircraft production.

An attempt was made to ascertain the extent to which outside facilities were employed and this showed a surprising amount of contact with the universities among firms of all types. Nearly all the firms who were eligible were members of their industrial research associations, nearly half had libraries, although these varied greatly in scale. All firms said they received their appropriate scientific and technical journals, but the attention paid to them in many cases was extremely casual. The problem of intercommunication between science and industry remains an extremely important one for a large part of industry and particularly so in firms which have not the staff trained to review the published material, to find out what is relevant, or to apply information when it is brought to their attention. Business executives cannot be expected to read extensively in fields where only a small part will be likely to apply to their particular problems, and the heads of businesses are more often influenced by oral than by written communication.

The truth is that it requires a trained imagination for executives to be able to appreciate the possible relevance to their own activities of much published material. The number of directors who are themselves scientists or technologists is obviously an important factor. Not much more than a third of all the firms studied had graduates or qualified technologists on the board. It is here that the crux of the matter is likely to be found. The authors of the Manchester report write that their strongest impression is that the position is dominated by the attitudes of those at the top-management level. The degree to which industry makes good use of science is directly related to the outlook of the directors of each particular firm. On them rests the responsibility for the use of scientific knowledge. Dr. Karl Compton, the Chairman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, addressing the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee the other day, said that he had seen a remarkable change in the attitude of top management in America and in the composition of boards of directors. Scientists and engineers are being added to these boards, so that a recent survey of American industry reported that 60 per cent. of executive officers began their careers as graduate engineers—a change from the days when law or accounting were the best routes to top management.

Changes in Our Traditional Markets

This study was made in an old industrial area subject to the stresses of considerable change in the composition of its industries. The traditional textile and heavy engineering industries are giving way to such modern industries as electrical engineering and electronics, aircraft and chemicals, gas turbines and atomic products. This process is bound to go on. Not only in Lancashire, but all over the country, the existing pattern of our industry will have to be altered in response to the changes taking place in our traditional markets. As other countries more and more make for themselves the things they used to buy from us, we shall survive only by selling them products based on a level of scientific research and technical development which they cannot yet achieve. Industries which claim that their work is of such a type that science has little to contribute either to their processes or their products, cannot expect to continue except in a protected home market. They must contract while the technically advanced industries expand.

It is clear, therefore, that the adequacy of the scientific resources available to British industry, including the facilities for scientific and technological education, cannot be judged solely by what is happening today, or by the practice of the best firms. Even on that basis it is clearly inadequate, but judged in the light of our future needs it is much worse.—*Third Programme*

Reflections on Public School Education

By CYRIL ALINGTON

I REALISE that it is only my length of years which has won me the honour of an invitation to speak to you, and that is in itself something of an advantage, for you will not expect anything original: indeed there is something almost indecent in coupling the words originality and octogenarian. I shall simply try to give you some account of the changes which I have seen in public schools during the long period in which I have been either actively or passively concerned with them.

It is difficult for us to realise what public schools were like a century and a half ago: the great Lord Chatham is reported to have said that he 'scarce observed a boy who was not cowed for life at Eton' and that 'while a public school might suit a boy of turbulent forward disposition, it would not do if there was any gentleness in him'; nor did the great Duke of Wellington attribute his success in life to any instruction he received there, though Etonian piety may believe that he learnt rather more than he acknowledged.

Producing Christian Gentlemen

It is generally, and I think rightly, believed that it was Arnold and Thring who 'created' the modern public school: certainly it was their confident insistence that the purpose of such schools was to produce 'Christian gentlemen' which captured the imagination of parents and schoolmasters alike. Both words are capable of different interpretation, but it was this ideal which dominated the thought of nineteenth-century head masters. They were almost all of them clergymen: I should say at a guess that some eighty per cent. of them were in Holy Orders: a very different state of affairs from that existing today.

The first blow at this clerical domination was started by the appointment of Fletcher (a layman) to Marlborough in 1903. This was a shrewd blow, for Marlborough was clerical in its origins: it is said, I do not know with how much truth, that the Bishop of Salisbury would at first allow him to preach only from the lectern, a place from which he could with difficulty be heard in chapel. In the following years the first laymen were appointed as head masters at Winchester, Wellington, Harrow, and Haileybury, but this is by no means to suggest that the ideal set before these schools was changed.

Educationally, they were all in the nineteenth century based on the 'fine old fortifying classical curriculum'. At Marlborough, in my schooldays (1886-91) we were taught the classics admirably, but we were taught extremely little else—except that, by a merciful Providence, we had a genius to instruct us in English literature. History was limited to reading a few pages of Bright, and answering some questions about names, dates, and facts to show that we had done so: it was not till the century was nearing its end that the history specialist master existed in any public school. We were taught a little arithmetic, some Euclid and—heaven alone knows why—some algebra. I see it is recorded that I passed an examination in statics, though as I always supposed a 'Danish steel yard' to mean a place where the Danes kept steel, I cannot really believe in my success. What 'statics' were, or why they were so called, was a mystery to me and remains so to this day. There was an army class for those who were hoping to enter Sandhurst, and there was, at least nominally, a modern side, but to the vast majority of us and, I suspect, to most of our instructors, these were regrettable concessions to a revolutionary age. There were some science classrooms, very small, but quite adequate to the demand.

Marlborough's main object was to produce classical scholars, and in that it was admirably successful: as one of my contemporaries became a Senior Wrangler, mathematics must have been well taught to those fit for the study, but most of us were certainly not so qualified nor so intelligently instructed.

I have spoken at some length of Marlborough, as that is the only school of which I had experience as a boy, but I have no reason to believe that conditions were very different elsewhere. It is obvious that the new generation of head masters, whether clerical or lay, who took office during the early years of the present century, had to face the task of modernising the curriculum, and that, no doubt, they all achieved

with varying measures of success. The only one of these changes of which I can myself speak with any authority or enthusiasm is the development of history teaching that I was able to witness at Eton, under that great teacher, Henry Marten. I saw its small beginnings and its startling growth till, even at that fortress of classical learning, history specialists largely exceed in numbers those who still pursue the classics.

Like most of my contemporary head masters, I had been brought up on the classics: my sole (and lamentable) distinction was my complete ignorance of science: I might add of mathematics, too, except that, after years of effort, I am unable to forget what are the factors of $a^3 - b^3$. Like the rest, though possibly with less enthusiasm, I poured out money which I could ill afford to build and to enlarge laboratories at Shrewsbury and at Eton. It was always, I must confess, with the lurking doubt whether the best instruction in the best conceivable laboratories will lead to any adequate knowledge of what men have done or thought or suffered.

These gloomy doubts are a little encouraged by the disturbing fact that it is increasingly difficult to find good scientists who are ready to undertake work in public schools. It is neither surprising nor discreditable that they should seek better-paid posts elsewhere, but it is a little disheartening that so few of them are ready to hand on to the young that invaluable knowledge which they, no doubt, possess, while teachers of the 'humanities' show no such disinclination.

The present head master of Eton, whom I am proud to have originally appointed there and to have secured as my elder son's tutor, has recently published a paper read before the British Association, with the intriguing title of 'Greek or Chemistry or Both?', and as I read that I am glad to think the educational destinies of Eton are in wiser hands than mine; but he ends by expressing the regret at which I have already hinted that so few really able scientists are ready to inspire the young, if, as he believes and I hope, they have any real 'inspiration' to offer. It would seem, though I make the suggestion with diffidence, that they do not hold the belief in the 'Gospel of Science' with the same enthusiasm which did inspire, and does still inspire, the best teachers of the 'humanities'—whether their chosen subject be the classics or history or literature; or, indeed, if it comes to that, the Christian faith. They may, no doubt, have heard and accepted the cynical epigram 'He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches', and prefer doing to teaching. But, whatever the reason, the fact remains that it is very difficult to attract good teachers of science to the life of the schoolmaster.

A Conservative Approach

I had better confess, what my hearers will have guessed already, that I am educationally a conservative. I deeply regret, for example, the adoption of the 'new' pronunciation of Latin (whose pedigree is by Pedantry out of Indifference) which has introduced a new bunker into every hole on the classical course: I shudder to learn that the 'new' pronunciation of Greek has found its way into female education; for women, especially educated women, are more lamentably logical than men: I am not, at the bottom of my heart, convinced that a good scientist is necessarily a better-educated man than a good classic. I ought perhaps to apologise for bringing the female sex into a discussion which does not directly concern them, but as I have done so, perhaps I may say that among their great gifts creative science seems to find no place, with the doubtful exception of Madame Camembert. (I confess that this opinion has been somewhat shaken since at least half a dozen women have won deserved esteem as creators of detective fiction.) But to return to my original point, I do see in them a stronger sense of logic than in the male sex, and a desire, as in the case of Greek pronunciation, to push it to a disastrous conclusion. But I hear that since my time, some, perhaps many, public schools have committed a similar error, so that the 'sex question' hardly arises.

But these are senile meanderings of which you will wish to hear no more. The fundamental fact remains that the English public school

does afford a training for life such as is to be found nowhere else, except in those American schools which have adopted—and possibly improved—its methods. When, some years ago, my friend, Sir Evelyn Wrench, induced me to give addresses on the Continent upon that subject, I found that a small experience which I recounted made a considerable impression. A boy in my house at Shrewsbury came to breakfast with me one morning to meet his aunt: soon after, he was reported to me for some grave offence (I forget what) and was soundly flogged, with his own complete approval. He was the best fives player in the school, and we had arranged a game of fives before luncheon: to neither of us was it any surprise that he kept his appointment, though perhaps he did not play quite as well as he might otherwise have done. That seems to me to illustrate admirably the relationship between boy and master which the public school tradition produces, and to account for the real loyalty which it inspires.

From the point of view of education, the public schools have a great advantage in the small size of the classes which, at very considerable expense, they are still able to provide for: the expense involved is one of the points which will have to be considered, but the gain is undeniable. How long, in present conditions, the public school can continue to exist is a difficult and anxious problem: at present many parents can afford its inevitable expense by selling out capital, but that is not a process which can continue indefinitely. I hope to live long enough to see legislation which relieves, as it surely should, parents who are saving the state the expense of educating their children: I hope also to see an extension of the process already begun by which public schools accept boys whose parents cannot afford their fees, provided they are of the type to benefit thereby.

The rise in the cost of a public school education, great as it is, is inevitable. When I went to Marlborough the fees were £100 a year, and this was reduced, for the sons of clergy, by a large number of clerical scholarships. When I went to Shrewsbury as head master in 1908, £100 was the figure there: it will hardly be believed, but it is true that only one (much envied) master received a salary of more than £300 a year and that there was no pension system. Even so, the school was being run at a loss. At Marlborough, as at several other public schools where salaries were also low, the financial strain was lessened by a communal system of feeding for masters—a system which has obvious disadvantages, for no one likes to take all his meals in a company in the selection of which he has had no voice. The payment of masters had to be improved and the arrangements for their pensions also.

I have already spoken of the expense involved in building labora-

tories: whereas the classics can be well taught—and often are—in unfavourable surroundings, scientists, naturally and rightly, clamour for nothing but the best in the way of equipment. Add to this the inevitable increase in wages for all those a public school employs, and in the cost not only of food, but in the provision of any new buildings and the efficient working of those that exist, and it is no wonder that governing bodies everywhere find it hard to make both ends meet. The loyalty of their old members has, in almost all cases, done something to help them, and is in itself a real proof of the affection which a public school inspires; but it cannot in itself go far to meet so great a need. My own belief is that parents will find it easiest to meet the burden by economising on the expense of private schools, which has also greatly and inevitably risen. I say this with great regret, for many of them have done, and are doing, much for the education of boys before they reach the age for a public school, but I can see no other answer except in that possible legislation of which I have already spoken.

On the other hand, there are those who maintain that in a boy's education the years from six to twelve are even more important than those from twelve to eighteen. Such parents will prefer to spend their money on a private school, especially if there is a good grammar school within reach to cater for their son in later years. In either case the loss to the public school will be considerable. When I was at Durham, the head master of Durham School and I invented a scheme by which we took two boys a year from local schools on condition that their parents wished it, and their teachers recommended them. All the local authorities co-operated (with the exception of the Durham County Council) and from our point of view the experiment was a decided success. Unfortunately, the cost proved too heavy, as no charge whatever was made to the parent, and after six years we had regretfully to abandon it: but it does suggest lines on which a wider scheme might be contrived.

Nor do I think, in spite of the lamentably small number of clerical schoolmasters, that the 'Christian gentleman' ideal has been lost sight of: on the contrary I believe that it has spread to many schools which do not claim the title of public school. For the essence of the tradition is to make those who are true to it forget themselves in loyalty to an institution and to those who, with them, are fellow members of it: to preserve that tradition of 'fair play' which we regard, not entirely without reason, as a national institution, and to fit themselves, by their life at school, for that service of God in Church and State on which the well-being of any community must ultimately depend.

—Home Service

The Anatomy of the English Countryside

The first of five talks by W. G. HOSKINS

DESPITE the multitude of books about English landscape and scenery and the flood of topographical books in general—and the bookshops are full of them—there is no book that deals with the historical evolution of the landscape as we know it. You will look in vain for a book that tells you how the various landscapes of this country have come into being: why, for example, the hedge banks and lanes of Devon are so totally different from those of the Midlands, why there are so many ruined churches in Norfolk and so many deserted villages in Lincolnshire, especially in the wolds of Tennyson's country; and you will look in vain for the history that lies behind the winding ditches of the Somerset marshlands, or the granite farmsteads of the Cornish moors, or those deserted green uplands of Northamptonshire.

There are good books on the geology of the English landscape. But the geologist is concerned only with one aspect of the subject; beyond a certain point he is obliged to leave the historian to continue and complete it, and no historian has come forward to do so. The geologist explains to us the bones of the landscape, the fundamental structure that gives it its form and colour and produces a certain kind of country, topography and vegetation and so on. But the flesh that covers these bones, the details of the features, are the concern of the historian, and it is his task to show how the geological skeleton has been clothed during the comparatively recent past: comparatively recent by geological

standards, that is—the last fifteen centuries or so—but in some parts of England much longer than that.

We have all of us stood on some high point looking over an immense view, for example the view of the Midland plain from the top of the Malverns, or even a pleasant rural miniature like the Woburn ridge in homely Bedfordshire; and we know how much more pleasure there is in such a view if we know the names of all the details in it—if we happen to know why those particular things are there, what they are called, and why they are that shape and size. You can liken the English landscape, especially in a wide view like that of the Midland plain, to a symphony which you can enjoy simply as an architectural mass of sound, beautiful or impressive as the case may be, or perhaps both, without being able to analyse it in detail or to see the logical development behind it. Our enjoyment may be real enough, but it is limited in scope and in the last resort it is vaguely diffused in emotion. But if, instead of hearing merely a symphonic mass of sound, we are able to isolate the themes as they enter, and to see how one by one they are intricately woven together, and by what magic new harmonies are produced, if we can pick out the variations on a single theme, however disguised it may be, then our enjoyment is immensely enhanced.

When we come to talk about farmsteads, fields, and hedges, there are two Englands: the England of compact, sizeable villages, surrounded for centuries by the great, open, hedgeless fields, only comparatively recently

enclosed with hedges to produce the modern pattern; and the England of the hamlet and the isolated farm, surrounded by more or less tiny fields that have not changed their size or their shape for many centuries, possibly not since they were first made. You get sizeable villages around a nucleus of some kind, or if there is no nucleus they have a shape, and even the shapeless villages have a special interest of their own. Then, in the village, you have all the farmsteads of that parish gathered along the streets. Outside the village the parish is empty of houses and habitations. And the village generally stands in the centre of its territory, roughly speaking the centre of its ecclesiastical parish, if you like. If it does not, then something interesting has happened to make it go off the centre, and that is worth looking into. But clearly the original village lay in the middle of its territory, because that was the minimum distance to walk if you had an open-field farm. And so around these villages you have the two, three, or four large open fields, hedgeless and running to several hundred acres each.

Among the open fields you have green tracks running between the large fields and between most of the so-called 'furlongs'—the blocks of strips. Many of these green tracks led to the next village. The strips themselves are represented by what one can see today in any number of Midland views—ridge and furrow. People who come up from the West Country to the Midlands often ask, if they are at all observant: 'What is the meaning of all this rolling ridge and furrow, which goes on for mile after mile?' It has been a subject of controversy. My own view is that they represent, in the Midlands, anyway, the fossilised strips of the old open fields which were turned over to grass 300, 400, or 500 years ago, and have been preserved in that form.

Not all ridge and furrow is of that type; some of it is recent drainage. And not all open field had the appearance of high-ridged strips; it all depended what kind of plough was used in that district. But much of the Midland landscape of ridge and furrow is the authentic



The plain of Worcestershire from the Malvern Hills

open-field pattern fossilised for us. And it is not too late now, in some parts of England, to go out and make a complete plan of the layout of the medieval fields of certain parishes. You get some splendid views of this type of landscape from the old Great Central Railway running south of Rugby down to Catesby tunnel. I notice it every time I travel from the Midlands, coming south. You can almost see the whole of the medieval field system laid out and rolling away from you as you go by in the train.

That is the England, village England, which underwent parliamentary enclosure. In possibly a third of England there was a real revolution in the landscape, a complete transformation of an immemorial scene. It was concentrated in that part of England that begins roughly at Flamborough Head, in north Yorkshire, and comes right down through Yorkshire into the Midlands, taking in most of the Midlands except towards the Welsh border, coming right down to the Dorset coast, and then turning at that point and coming back into the Midlands, finishing up somewhere on the north Norfolk coast. Inside that irregular shape you can say that the parliamentary enclosure movement imposed its pattern.

The new landscape was this: your thousands of strips were converted into the modern chequerboard of small, squarish fields. You may have noticed that these fields run roughly to a pattern. The twenty-five-inch map, for instance, gives the areas of fields and you cannot help noticing that they run to something round about ten acres—eight, nine, ten, eleven, or even twelve acres, but all round about ten. They did not start like that, but they finished like it, mainly, perhaps wholly, because in the Midlands, at any rate, you had grazing country, and graziers found that a ten-acre field gave the best control of grazing. That was the experience of the great Bakewell and his contemporaries.

These modern fields of roughly ten acres, with straight hedges, form a geometrical pattern on the map; and from any sort of view they form squares or rectangles. You have, for the first time, hundreds of miles of hedgerows, hawthorn predominantly, growing between a double post-and-rail fence. Or else you get, in the country north of the Trent, stone walls, again enclosing a rectangular or a square field. But the essential thing is that the hedges or the walls are straight.

All these changes were not made at once. One rather tends to assume that the commissioners, the planners engaged in altering the landscape in the Georgian period, managed to carry through a tremendous revolution in the landscape comparatively quickly. In some respects they did. One's admiration grows for the enclosure commissioners, the more one finds out about the tremendous job they carried through, the replanning of sometimes thousands of acres of land, in the matter of a year or eighteen months. But it is a mistake to imagine that everything



'Much of the Midland landscape of ridge and furrow is the authentic open-field pattern fossilised for us': a photograph taken near Whitchurch, Warwickshire

Aerofilms

was done in that short time. We know that everybody in the parish had to enclose with a hedge and ditch his own allotment of land within twelve months, under penalty. I used to think myself, therefore, that every hedge in that parish dates from, say, 1759 or 1760. Now I know that this is wrong. If a man were given, say, 150 acres, all he had to do by law was to put a hedge and ditch around the whole, to separate his allotment under the award from everybody else's. But inside that 150 acres he could make the whole lot like a prairie if he liked. And often he did.

It used to puzzle me, again, why in Leicestershire the early hunts made so much of tremendous gallops over miles of country, when I knew that all that country had been enclosed. The reason was made clear to me in one of Alken's hunting prints, of a meet at a place called Ab Kettleby, in north Leicestershire. The date of the print is 1824, and it shows all the marks of the parliamentary enclosure movement; but what it also shows is that the fields are tremendously large, and it is clear to me now that you had people who were allotted, say, 100 or 150 or 200 acres of land who simply put a hedge round that piece of land and left the whole of the internal area unhedged. Alken's print explains the great favour which Leicestershire country found in the eyes of early huntsmen, the fine gallops that you could have, even though this country was nominally supposed to be hedged and ditched.

The hedgerows took twenty or thirty years to grow. One has seen it stated in print that before the enclosure movement England was a country of no hedges and very few singing birds, but in fact the first impact of enclosure was to create a naked, devastated landscape. I do not think we should ever have realised that but for the poetry of John Clare. He shows that what little timber there was in open-field England—and it had been scarce for centuries—was cut down ruthlessly for posts and rails. Hawthorn saplings were planted for hedges, but it took them twenty years to grow, and in the meantime you had to have a post-and-rail fence each side of this row of saplings. The consumption of timber in these post-and-rail fences—hundreds of miles



'The modern chequerboard of small, squarish fields': a view near Penfield, Essex
Aerofilms

walk round many Midland villages and pass a series of little front doors, if you look carefully you will find that it is a Georgian or Queen Anne farmhouse which has been altered, at some date after the parliamentary enclosure, into two or three cottages, each given a separate front door, and so on; and the house has changed its character altogether.

You may wonder why, after enclosure of this type, the whole of the old English village did not disintegrate completely: why eventually, after everybody had been allocated land in compact blocks, they did not abandon the ancestral house and build out in the parish. It may have happened in some places; but in most places it did not because by the time the parish came to be enclosed the whole of the land was probably in the hands of ten, or fifteen, or twenty farmers, by the long process of the consolidation of farms. Whereas you might have had, say, fifty farmsteads in the old village, representing fifty medieval or Tudor or Stuart farms in the open fields, by the time you get to the late eighteenth century you have perhaps only ten farmers left. The remainder of the farmsteads go on in the village, divided into tenement cottages, or else fall down and disappear.—*Third Programme*

Portraits from the Past

The Solitary Figure of Dante

By A. P. d'ENTRÈVES

IT is a happy coincidence that enables me to talk about Dante on an Easter morning.* Many great writers have drawn their inspiration from today's festivity. One thinks of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*; also, to be sure, of the beginning of Goethe's *Faust*. I would like to quote a few lines from Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

The dawn was moving the dark hours to flee
Before her, and far off amid their wane
I could perceive the trembling of the sea.

We paced along the solitary plain,
Like one who seeks to his lost road a clue,
And till he reaches it deems he walks in vain.†

These lines are taken from the beginning of *Purgatorio*. They may seem to you to have no bearing on Easter at all. But they have. For the two lonely wanderers are Dante and Virgil. They have just emerged

from Hell to the shores of the island-mountain of Purgatory, in the Antipodes. And the dawn is that of Easter Day, 1300.

It is in this setting of light and hope returning after darkness that, for my part, I like to visualise the author of the *Divine Comedy*. This is not the way Dante is usually pictured. To many who are not entirely unfamiliar with his name, he remains the 'gloomy poet, only interested in sin and torture', who wrote a frightful description of Hell. Superficial reading is not alone to blame for this conventional picture. Dante's *Inferno* is the part of his poem which, from the earliest day, most fired popular imagination. Boccaccio, Dante's first biographer, brings this out well in his description of the poet's appearances.

This our poet, then, was of middle height; and when he had reached maturity he went somewhat bowed, his gait grave and gentle, and ever clad in most seemly apparel, in such garb as befitted his ripe years. His face was long, his nose aquiline, and his eyes rather large than small;

* This talk was broadcast on Master Day. † Laurence Binyon's translation.

his jaws big, and the underlip protruding beyond the upper. His complexion was dark, his hair and beard thick, black and curling, and his expression was ever melancholy and thoughtful. Hence it chanced one day in Verona (when the fame of his works had spread abroad everywhere, and especially that part of his Comedy which he entitles Hell; and when he himself was known by sight to many, both men and women), that as he passed a gateway where sat a group of women, one of them said to the others, softly, yet so that she was heard well enough by him and his company: 'Do you see the man that goes to Hell, and comes again, at his pleasure; and brings tidings up here of them that be below?' To the which, one of the others answered in all good faith: 'In truth, it must needs be as thou sayest. See'st thou not how his beard is crisped and his skin darkened by the heat and smoke that are there below?' And hearing these words spoken behind him and perceiving that they sprang from the perfect belief of the women, he was pleased, and as though content that they should be of such opinion, he passed on, smiling a little.

This then, chiselled by a famous craftsman only a few decades after the poet's death, is the picture which the name of Dante evokes to the mind: a proud, solitary figure, wrapped up as it were in his visions and scornful of the world around him, hard and bitter in features and in soul alike. Why is this picture so well known and familiar? Is it because of the innumerable portraits and statues and busts that have proliferated through the centuries, and not in Italy only (Paget Toynbee counted more than twenty different ones contributed by Britain alone)? Surely there must be some other and more serious reason why, like the women of Verona, we feel sure that we could recognise out of thousands this great shadow from the past.

At the beginning of his essay on Dante, Mr. T. S. Eliot remarks that, 'in [his] own experience of the appreciation of poetry [he has] always found that the less [he] knew about the poet and his work before [he] began to read it, the better'. I have sometimes wondered whether this remark is really quite to the point in this particular connection. I can well imagine reading the whole of Shakespeare's work without ever bothering to get any information about Shakespeare himself. But with Dante it is impossible even to begin reading any of his works without getting to know much about him, indeed, without getting, as it were, to know him personally. The point is, that Shakespeare's world is a world bustling and teeming with a vitality of its own, a prodigious world, conjured up for our delight by a prodigious conjuror. But the conjuror himself has chosen to stay behind the scene. Only in the sonnets does Shakespeare tell us directly about his own feelings. Whereas with Dante one is faced from the start with a most 'personal' writer. Whatever he says, he says about himself. Perhaps Mr. Eliot is right after all. We should not let ourselves be discouraged by the immense amount of historical and critical niceties that have accumulated around the work of Dante. We should let him tell us his own story, the relevant facts that must not be overlooked for the understanding of his poetry.

It is an extraordinary story: extraordinary for the events that crowd it, but perhaps even more for the character which it reveals. Dante's life spans over one of the most crucial periods of our western history. He was born in Florence in 1265; he died in Ravenna in 1321. Those six decades saw the final disruption of the medieval Christian republic, the coming into being of a new type of social and political experience, the quick ascension of Italy—and of Dante's native city—to a position of cultural and economic leadership in Europe. Florence, artistic, rich, and ambitious, offered a young man unique opportunities. But for the bitter feuds that envenomed Italian politics, life must have been pleasant on the banks of the Arno in the late thirteenth century. Florentine youths—so chroniclers tell us—were much given to poetry, music, and

merriment. Occasionally, they indulged in more manly occupations, hunting and travelling and waging war on neighbouring cities.

The young Dante Alighieri took part in all that. He was still in his teens when he wrote his first sonnet and made a reputation among Italian literary circles. He was—if we accept his own evidence—younger still when he had his first revelation of love. With maturity came an active participation in politics, a dangerous game that was to bring about his doom. He was a member of the governing body—the *Signoria*—when a fierce struggle flared up between proud Florence and a no-less proud Pope, Boniface VIII. Dante's party—the White Guelphs—was defeated; its members banished; Dante's long exile began. Twenty years of endless wandering and misery; twenty years of longing for the fair city which he loved so dearly but in which he was never to set foot again.

There must have been thousands like Dante in Italy in those days. They were the 'displaced persons', the victims of forces clashing, then as now, beyond the individual's control. Popes, Kings, and Emperors struggling for power: irresponsible 'nations' had not yet been invented, nor economic causes discovered, to excuse or to justify the endless folly of man. But the fate of the underdog has not changed.

Thou shalt leave all that thou hast loved most dear;

This is the arrow, shooting from the bow

Of banishment, which thou hast first to fear.

How bitter another's bread is, thou shalt know

By tasting it; and how hard to the feet Another's stairs are, up and down to go.

And what shall on thy shoulders heaviest sit

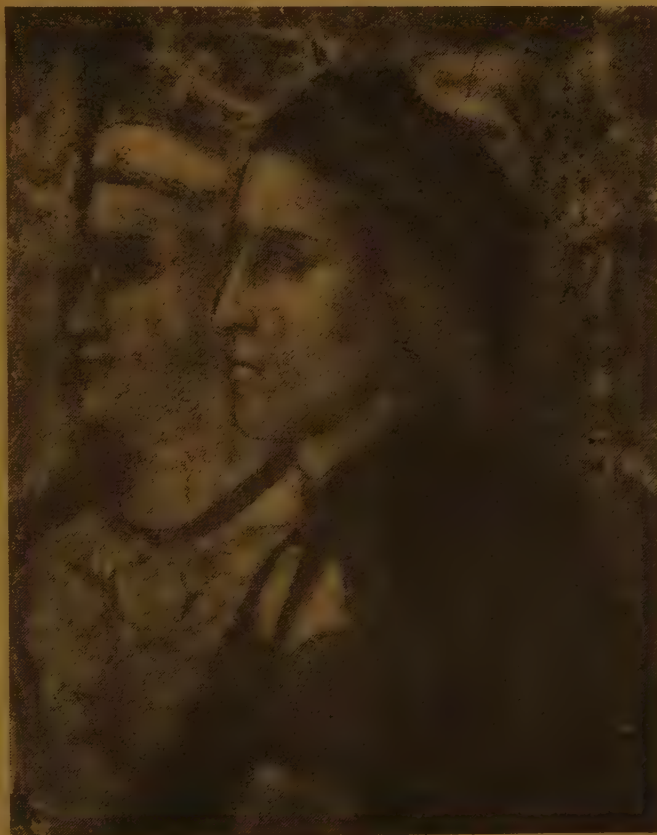
Shall be the crew, stupid and venomous,

With whom thou shalt have fallen into that pit . . .

It is out of this nameless crowd that Dante steps forward, to take upon himself the task of the avenger and the judge. He turned his own bitter lesson into a fruitful lesson, transfiguring in the light of religion and poetry every single aspect of the life he had lived, of the world he had known. Beauty and truth shine together in the 'Sacred Poem whereto both heaven and earth set hand'. A whole age is reflected in it, with its hopes and fears, its crudeness and idealism. Dante's poem is the highest, the most complete, expression of the medieval world.

How did he do it? Was it genius alone? Genius is nothing but patience, says the modern sage. But patience is a virtue with which Dante does not seem much endowed. I think that with him it was first of all character: a character of steel, which enabled him to bear the misfortunes that befell him, and—in his own word—to 'stand like a tower whose summit never shakes'. No doubt it was also consummate craftsmanship, for how else would the soft sweet fruit of his early love-poetry have mellowed into the ripe maturity of his art: where every word tells, every line stands out in clear, direct relief?

But today, in talking about him, I have taken my start from his message. It is this message, I believe, that ultimately accounts for Dante's greatness. Dante's poem recounts a personal experience. The culminating event in that experience is the discovery of a path to salvation—that path which leads him, on an Easter morning, filled with expectation and hope, to the shores of the mountain of atonement and bliss. The *Divine Comedy* is a 'pilgrim's progress': Dante called it a 'comedy' because it has a happy ending. The path to salvation leads through the dark underworld of sin and expiation. Dante's Hell is not an ingenious device for taking revenge on his enemies. It is his own hell: the hell of his own and of all mankind's perversion, the frightful city in which he might have been imprisoned for ever had not friendly hands been extended to warn him and to lead him along.—*Home Service*



Portrait of Dante (1265-1321) by Giotto, who was his contemporary, from a fresco in the National Museum, Florence

The Development of Soviet Law

By ALEXANDER J. HALPERN

PROFESSOR Hazard's interesting book, *Law and Social Change in the U.S.S.R.**, gives us an opportunity to cast a glance on the development of Soviet law, a matter which has not attracted much attention in this country. Few sectors of Soviet life have seen such significant changes in the course of the years. We see them when we compare the present state of affairs with the grandiloquent declarations of the first Soviet Constitution: 'Power has been seized in order to establish socialism, under which there will be neither division into classes nor state authority'. In pursuance of this aim the Soviets published in 1919 the leading principles of criminal law, where we read: 'With the first smashing of . . . the bourgeois classes . . . and with the realisation of the communist social order the proletariat will annihilate both the state as an organisation of coercion, and law as a function of the state'.

Revision of the Simplistic Policies

The marxist fanatics were firmly convinced that the withering away of the law and the gradual disappearance of the juridical elements from human relations was imminent, and Stuchka, the first President of the Soviet Supreme Court, wrote as late as in 1927, when he already ought to have known better, that with the abolition of classes, with their antagonistic interests, law will disappear altogether. 'We thought to have abolished civil law', he naively writes in one of his books. 'Revolutionary legality is for us a problem which is ninety-nine per cent. political', said another. Ruthless destruction of the existing legal order and the fervent hope for a new equality without law—such was the belief of those who never doubted that the era of war communism in Russia was bound to be followed by a revolution in the west when the establishment of genuine communism would do away with all the remnants of the bourgeois order. But the world revolution did not happen. And the urgent need of consolidating the hopelessly disorganised social fabric, rent asunder by the German and civil wars, the allied intervention and famine, compelled the leaders very shortly to revise their simplistic policies.

The early years of the Soviet regime produced a multitude of enactments. They dealt mainly with the destruction of pre-revolutionary laws. The enemy was the property owner, the landlord, the capitalist—thus it was imperative in the first instance to break up the property rights. So land was nationalised, then the banks, insurance companies, big industrial undertakings, big houses in the cities, stocks, shares, large bank deposits, and so on. Economic power, in so far as it stemmed from the ownership of productive wealth, had to be eliminated. Professor Hazard gives us a very lucid *exposé* of this attack against private wealth. But the leaders perceived that it was not sufficient to destroy private property, that something had to be built up to take its place. The first revolutionary tribunals, where the judges were to be guided neither by the old laws (they were abrogated or inapplicable) nor by the new ones (they did not yet exist), but by 'the circumstances of the case and the revolutionary consciousness', did not and could not fill the gap. And once the naive ideas of the withering away of the state and of a happy life without laws faded away, some kind of constructive legislative activity became imperative.

But it was difficult for the leaders to repudiate at once their fanatical belief that the October revolution opened the doors to a communist society, to which socialism was only a prologue; and thus emerged a new theory, to build up, on the ruins of the old regime, a dictatorship of the proletariat which would be a transition to classless communism. A series of decrees was enacted. The leading principles of criminal law proclaimed that law has as its task the 'struggle against the breakers of the new conditions of life in the transitional period of the dictatorship of the proletariat'; a labour code which has to 'signalise the victory of the workers over the employers'; a family code with free marriage and free divorce followed.

The economic realities proved, however, stronger than the amateurish efforts of the bolshevik ideologists. Lenin saw the urgent necessity of a temporary retreat which many, equally amateurish, observers in

the west took for the end of the revolution. The New Economic Policy (the Nep) partially restored private property. It lasted till 1928, when the first five-year plan was introduced. The period of the Nep was the period of codification. A code of civil law, which once was thought superfluous, was introduced, and it is important to note that this code, which with certain amendments is still the law of the land, is the product of a compromise between the traditional rules prevailing in the more progressive codifications of the west (as the Swiss or German codes) with the rules intended to protect the new socialist state. The latter tendency is illustrated by the text of the famous Section I of the code which reads: 'Civil rights shall be protected by law except in instances when they are exercised in contradiction with their social-economic purpose'.

Subject to this proviso the greater part of the rules regulating property, contracts (310 sections out of 435), and successions represented to a great extent simple adaptations of the relevant dispositions of these western codes. Of course, their application is always subordinated to the *raison d'état*. It is the duty of the courts to intervene whenever they see a conflict between individual rights and the interests of the socialist order. They can declare contracts void if they consider them contrary to the interests of the state or prejudicial to the weaker party; they can annul sales carried out 'under conditions of extreme want', etc. In the matter of inheritance the Soviets started with a total confiscation of the estate of the deceased, then limited the value of the estate which could pass to the heirs to 10,000 roubles. This limit was removed in 1926, and the law now permits inheritance without restriction, it recognises testamentary dispositions, although in the latter case the testator cannot distribute his estate beyond the circle of those who would be entitled to succeed in the absence of a will, nor can he disinherit a minor.

This abolition of the restriction on the value of the inheritance represents an interesting feature of Soviet law. Whilst private ownership of means of production is abolished, except for artisans who, however, cannot employ hired labour, there is no restriction as to the accumulation of wealth in non-productive goods. You cannot make a fortune as an industrialist, a merchant, a banker, etc., but you can have bank balances, state bonds, books, works of art, you can own a motor or a dwelling house. The author quotes the Communist Manifesto to explain this feature: 'The distinguishing characteristic of communism is not the abolition of property generally, but the abolition of bourgeois property'. And the socialist state is built, as is expressly stated in the constitution, on the principle: 'To each according to his work, from each according to his abilities', which is entirely different from primitive egalitarianism, the latter being 'nothing but a bourgeois utopian social theory'. But private property remains, nevertheless, rigorously restricted and it extends only to earnings and savings, living quarters and household objects, goods of consumption and products of inheritance. Thus the new property owner can never become dangerous to the state, he does not acquire power.

Regimentation in the U.S.S.R.

The faithful are rewarded, says Mr. Hazard, but not to the extent of acquiring what the Soviet leadership believes to be a potential threat to power. Still, we have moved far away from the times when a leading Soviet jurist could write: 'We have a system of proletarian politics, but we have no need for any sort of juridical system of proletarian law'. Actually, life in the Soviet Union is probably more regimented by law than anywhere else. And we must not forget the words of another American student of Soviet law, Professor Berman, who in his valuable book, *Justice in Russia*, came to the conclusion with which Mr. Hazard obviously agrees, that is, that the popular view of the Soviet state as a police state run by a gang of professional revolutionaries, whose actions are governed solely by the desire to extend their own power, is a dangerous half-truth.

I propose to take a few examples—family law, criminal law, social security, and labour relations—in order to illustrate the long road on

which the Soviets travelled from the years of war communism, the nadir of anarchy and desolation, to their present status.

I have already mentioned how at the beginning the Soviet revolutionised the family relationships. Only civil marriage was recognised, and eventually simple cohabitation, without the necessity of registration, was sufficient to establish a married state. Divorce was permitted at the request of one party only without any restrictions whatever. In 1920 abortion was authorised because, as we read in the decree, 'the moral survivals of the past and the distressing economic conditions of the present compel certain women to risk such an operation'. Only in 1936 did the Government revise its policy when, as it was declared, 'the destruction of capitalist exploitation, the growth of economic prosperity, and the gigantic development of the political and cultural level of the working masses' made it possible to abrogate the 1920 law. Abortion was declared a crime. In 1944 the whole law relating to marriage and divorce was entirely re-written. The state now recognises only the registered marriage, and persons who lived together as man and wife under the old law have to register their marriage *ex post facto*. Unilateral divorce was also abolished and the right to divorce severely restricted. Divorce can be granted only by a superior court after a procedure in the lower court which must try to achieve reconciliation. Only when this fails does the case go to the superior court which has an absolute discretion to grant or refuse the divorce. The courts are instructed to grant a decree only if convinced that further married life is in conflict with 'communistic ethics' and cannot secure normal conditions for a joint life and for the education of children.

Criminal Law

If we turn to criminal law we see that its purpose is in the first instance the protection of the conquests of the socialist revolution. Here again it was at first thought that the establishment of communist society would make criminal law superfluous, here again experience showed that this was an illusion and that the 'revolutionary consciousness' which was supposed to direct the judges was not sufficient. The Government had to give more and more attention to the fight against crime, and it was particularly concerned with the suppression of all elements who were considered dangerous to the regime.

The courts apparently could not carry this out alone, and a system of prisons and camps was established under the Ministry of the Interior. We have recently read that they have now been transferred to the Ministry of Justice, but we do not know whether this transfer has reintroduced a strict adherence to the provisions of the law of which the Ministry of the Interior was relieved. But criminal courts continued to be mainly concerned with crimes against the state and state property, whilst crimes against the individuals where political motives, actual or supposed, were absent, were dealt with with much more lenience. The death penalty, which was abolished in 1947, was restored again in 1950 for 'traitors, spies, and those who tried to undermine the state'. In cases where the political factor was absent the criminal intent (*mens rea*) was given significance beyond that generally accorded in the legal systems of the west. This, as has been said by Professor Berman, is in accord with the pre-revolutionary tendencies of Russian trials by jury, and the Soviets have carried over and perhaps even extended the leniency of old Russia in the punishment of murder, assault, rape, or arson.

Another branch of the law has gone through a radical development, namely, social security. Here, again, everything seemed to be easy and simple at the beginning. The slogan was obligatory social insurance at the expense of the employer. But the employers disappeared, and by 1920 a system of social insurance had to be introduced. Lenin was firm in saying that the working man should not be burdened with the payment of a part of the insurance premium. Insurance covered, first, health and maternity, then unemployment, permanent disability, old age. The administration of the social insurance was made the responsibility of the trade unions, whose main aim was to encourage the increase of production and to maintain the good will of the workmen by protecting them. Thus the trade union got also the inspection of labour into their hands. Nowadays the insurance system protects all workers, manual or other, all employees, peasants working on the collective farms, and even most of the so-called self-employed, like professional people, and even employees of private persons who, today, are mainly domestic servants.

The insurance laws deal in the first instance with injuries connected with employment or illnesses which prevent the insured from working. They further cover permanent disability and old age and protect the survivors of the deceased family provider. They provide not full com-

pensation but only means of maintenance at a minimum subsistence level. But, says Mr. Vyshinsky, 'the citizen of the U.S.S.R. needs no longer fear the "black day" which menaces every working man in bourgeois countries'.

'Productivity at Almost Any Cost'

The system of social insurance is closely connected with the Soviet policy on labour. We have heard a great deal of nonsense about it. One American author told us that the Soviet Government was not only welcoming famine but even planning it in order to force the peasants into collective farms. Another tells us that as the result of the direction of labour state compulsion has become so important that free labour has ceased to exist. Professor Hazard is not guilty of such silly subservience to McCarthyism. He does not mince words in explaining to us how the Soviet subordinate practically everything to the productivity of labour, how labour relations, wages, discipline are entirely dominated by it, how productivity at almost any cost is the universal goal; but he is well aware that there is 'ample indication in the work of the courts, that there is a procedure in use which mitigates the severity in cases which represent severe hardship and which would be obviously taken by the population as examples of manifestly unfair application of the law, if the penalties were permitted to stand'.

At one time, immediately after the fall of France, when Russia was already facing the threat of the coming war, a decree was passed 'freezing' workmen to their job, but after the victory this law was no longer applied and, according to a modern Soviet jurist, quoted by Professor Hazard, the strengthening of Soviet labour discipline can be achieved by the appreciation of the social duty rather than by fear of criminal sanctions. Besides, there is and always was an appeal to the courts from penalties which are unjust or too severe, and Professor Hazard suggests that there must exist in Russia confidence in legal procedure and forms beyond that often surmised by foreign students of the Soviet system.

A large part of his book is devoted to the analysis of judicial decisions which represents probably the most valuable and entirely novel feature of his work, and we see that the vulgar prejudice which considers that the use of words like 'law' and 'justice' is simply an attempt to disguise the despotic character of the state is a dangerous delusion. We see from the hundreds of instances which he reports that the courts perform their functions honestly and impartially (at least in cases where questions of personal loyalty to the regime are not involved) and that if they show favour it goes usually to the weaker party. Law which was supposed to wither away with the state is, on the contrary, getting more and more powerful. 'We need stability of laws now more than ever', said Stalin in 1936. We are indeed far, very far, away from the dreams of the early years.—*Third Programme*

The Magic of Despair

(continued from page 725)

call obscene rituals. For the second strain is a regression to instinctual desires which we now know are universal. These oaths use, as all secret oaths must, a few limited themes: sex, excreta, bestiality, the threat to murder near kin.

The release of nihilistic courage to revolt releases instinctual urges which break the conscience, already weakened since Kikuyu controls now operate with difficulty. A cycle is set up as the oath-takers break taboos on sex, and menstrual blood, and so forth, and gain fresh energy. They are bound together, in shame and guilt, through the ranks of a disunited, shifting people. Mau Mau is dominantly a movement of despair, and uses a magic of despair.

This is, of course, a hypothesis. We know enough of Kikuyu religion to say Mau Mau is not pagan: what we know of other events in Africa suggests the lines on which we have to interpret Mau Mau. And it is important to note that not all Kikuyu have regressed thus: this does not mean they do not resent the conditions which I suggest have bred Mau Mau. The Parliamentary Delegation's proposals bravely admit these conditions and show the way we can remedy them. If my hypothesis is correct, improvement of these conditions will prevent other Kikuyu from succumbing, and cure those who have succumbed.

—*Third Programme*

NEWS DIARY

April 21-27

Wednesday, April 21

The Queen broadcasts a farewell message to the people of Ceylon

The Soviet Embassy in Canberra asks Australian Government to hand over Mr. Petrov, the former Soviet diplomat, on the grounds that he is a criminal

Russia joins Unesco

Thursday, April 22

American authorities in Germany announce that a Captain in the Soviet Secret Police sent to western Germany to murder an anti-communist Russian has surrendered to them

Mr. Eden arrives in Paris and sees Mr. Dulles and M. Bidault

A new Liberal-Socialist Coalition Cabinet is formed in Belgium under the Prime Ministership of M. Van Acker

Friday, April 23

Foreign Ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty countries meet in Paris

The Soviet Government sends a note of protest to Australia in which it states its decision to recall the Russian Ambassador at Canberra

Viet-Minh troops drive a dangerous wedge into the defences of Dien Bien Phu

The Home Secretary states that the hydrogen bomb has not weakened the case for civil defence

Saturday, April 24

The Foreign Ministers of the Soviet Union and the Chinese Peoples' Republic arrive in Geneva for the conference on the Far East

Mr. Eden flies home from Paris to report to the Prime Minister about his diplomatic conversations

During a big search for Mau Mau suspects, 3,500 Africans are detained in Nairobi

Sunday, April 25

Mr. Eden attends meeting of Ministers at 10 Downing Street and afterwards flies to Geneva

The Australian Government in a Note to Russia rejects the demand for the surrender of Mr. and Mrs. Petrov

Polling takes place in the General Election in Argentina

Monday, April 26

Admiral Radford, chairman of the U.S. joint Chiefs of Staff, visits London on his way from Paris to Washington

Conference on Far East opens in Palais des Nations, Geneva

Russia joins I.L.O.

Tuesday, April 27

Foreign Minister of the Korean Republic addresses Geneva Conference

Prime Minister makes statement about British policy in relation to Indo-China and the Geneva Conference

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Aden



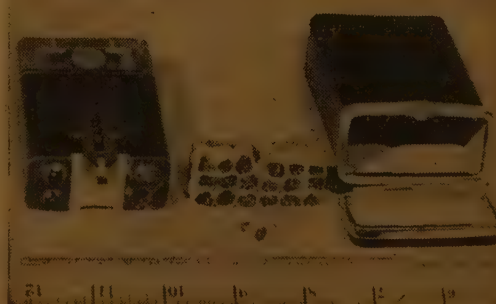
The Palais des Nations in Geneva (the European office of the United Nations) where the conference on Korea and Indo-China opened on April 26. Nineteen delegations are attending the conference. Leading the five chief delegations are Mr. Anthony Eden (Great Britain), M. Georges Bidault (France), Mr. John Foster Dulles (U.S.A.), Mr. Vyacheslav Molotov (U.S.S.R.), and Mr. Chou En-lai (China)



Last week it was disclosed that two months ago a member of the Russian Secret Police, Captain Nikolai Khokhlov, and two eastern Germans who had been commissioned to murder a leading member of an anti-communist Russian group in western Germany, Mr. Georgi Okolovitch, had instead surrendered to the American authorities. The photograph shows Captain Khokhlov (right), at a press conference in Bonn on April 22, shaking hands with Mr. Okolovitch, his intended victim. Right: the type of weapon with which the murder was to be carried out—a pistol in the form of a cigarette case



On April 19, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Anne spent the day in Kandy, where they visited the Temple of the Tooth, a sacred elephant resting place, and the relic of Buddha. Right: the Duke and Princess Anne with their parents at the royal yacht at the Perahera procession



Right: the Duke and Princess Anne with their parents at the royal yacht at the Perahera procession



Mr. Molotov being greeted by Mr. Chou En-lai (right) at Geneva airport last week-end. In the centre is Mr. Gromyko, Russian Deputy Foreign Minister. Right: a general view of the opening session of the conference in the council chamber of the Palais des Nations. The first meeting was concerned only with questions of procedure



French parachute troops arriving at Orly airfield, Paris, last week-end to be flown to Indo-China by American aircraft



The Shakespeare Memorial Window which was unveiled in Southwark Cathedral on April 23 by Dame Sybil Thorndike



Daffodils carpeting Dora's Field, Rydal Water, Westmorland: a photograph taken last week



'THE THINKER' by Rodin

Thoughts are free from toll

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623)

To think is not expensive. It needs no apparatus, no personnel, no premises. The only equipment is in one's head: the gears and pinions of the brain, and the lever that sets them turning.

Everyone can be a thinker. Not a great thinker, perhaps; but the creator, now and then, of a thought that has great consequences. And that is the measure of a thought's greatness: the ripples that it spreads.

At the back of every new industry is such a thought. Can 'it' be made some other way instead? Marketed or assembled more simply? Processed or refined by that method or in this place, instead of as before? A progressive industry is the translation of these thoughts into machinery, buildings and organisation.

But the climate in which such thoughts can first arise, and can be expressed in action, is one of free enquiry and research. Without this, invention gives way to maintenance.

A trained man can be a technician; it takes a free man to be a thinker.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Christian Duties in the New Community

Sir,—In the abridged report of the Rev. E. Benson Perkins' address to the National Free Church Council, the Moderator emphasised honestly and wisely 'some of the new and challenging tasks confronting the Christian Church in this new age'. He rightly declared, 'The policy of the welfare state has wrought great and, we must admit on the whole, beneficial change', although I should have thought its implementation of the moral principle that 'We are members one of another' deserved even less cautious praise. Perhaps a word of gratitude would have been appropriate for those early pioneers who strove for the welfare state at a time when, in general, the churches were either sceptical of its religious necessity or more concerned with individual salvation from hell than transforming our social structure. The predominant characteristics of present Harringay evangelism provide an illustration of a former type of Christian appeal at its best, and the contrast between that and the approach of the Rev. E. Benson Perkins seems very marked and salutary.

Very truly he urged agreement with Mr. Herbert Morrison's insistence that we need 'changes in men and women as well as in social and economic affairs' and pressed for an inner search for the springs of nobler incentives. This, he asserted, can be found in the Christian Gospel... 'and the widespread declaration of this vital message is an urgent task of the Christian Church'.

While I do not dissent from this but, on the contrary, entirely appreciate any intelligent attempt to fulfil that task, I venture to ask whether one of the 'Christian Duties in the New Community' is to ensure the acceptance of theological doctrines about the nature of Jesus Christ rather than the acceptance of the spirit of His Life and teaching? This I ask hopefully in view of the fact that there is no sign in the reported words of the Moderator that he would himself require such a theological test.

If intellectually as well as sociologically any of the churches are adapting themselves to cumulative facts can they not openly admit that the Living God has frequently moved and still moves as much outside as within ecclesiastical institutions, necessary as these are? It may be that such a confession would encourage a new receptivity on the part of many who, remembering past history, dwell more on ecclesiastical obscurantism and a detached, individualistic other-worldliness than on the precious values that are the essence of the Christian faith. This might also lead to some church doorways being opened more widely to welcome those who were once classified as heretics.

I submit the 'New Community' awaits a bold and imaginative interpretation of 'Christian Duties' that is both more intellectually and spiritually comprehensive than traditional conceptions have allowed. Of an unsatisfied human need for a vital faith there is no doubt; and without this in an age of fear we shall perish. What, then, does the Christian Church say and do to disperse the menace of hydrogenic annihilation? Here is, indeed, its great moral opportunity.

Yours, etc.,

London, E.17 REGINALD W. SORESENSEN

How the Entente Cordiale Came About

Sir,—Will you allow me to correct what I take to be a misprint in your reproduction of my talk on the *Entente Cordiale*?

I certainly did not say, and I do not think I wrote in my script, that Germany persuaded Grey to 'appease' her by reviving 'an old, workable, secret Anglo-German treaty for the eventual partition of the Portuguese colonies'. I spoke of an 'old, unworkable secret treaty'. The reference was, of course, to the Arthur Balfour-Joseph Chamberlain Treaty of 1898 with Germany which was found to be unworkable because both contracting parties had forgotten that Holland held a right of pre-emption over the Portuguese half of the island of Timor. If it had been 'workable' Grey would hardly have had to revise it.

Salisbury, during whose absence on account of illness Balfour and Chamberlain concluded the secret treaty of 1898, was so angry with them for what he, rightly, considered a betrayal of our oldest ally, Portugal, that he agreed with the Portuguese Minister in London, the Marquis de Soveral, upon the Declaration of Windsor, by which Great Britain reaffirmed her obligation to protect Portugal and the Portuguese possessions overseas. In 1914 Grey, having initialled the revised treaty, informed Germany that he could not sign it unless it were submitted to Parliament, together with the Windsor Declaration. By rejecting this condition Germany inadvertently helped to save the *Entente*—and, as I think, much else.—Yours, etc.,

Wootton-by-Woodstock WICKHAM STEED

Russian Literature Since Stalin's Death

Sir,—It seems to me that the Russian rulers are quite justified in their attitude towards and use of their writers, as described by Edward Crankshaw in THE LISTENER of April 8.

In effect, they said to their writers: 'You must write what we think is best for the community if you want to be published and get money for it'. Very much the same thing is implied in the demands made on western writers: 'Write what will sell'; only here mercenary, selfish interests decide what a professional writer must write to be published and sold; and if a writer wants to make a living out of writing, he must obey the demands of his paymasters just as much as the Russian writer must obey the demands of his paymasters. And why not? What a writer writes as an amateur to please himself and his tiny circle of intellectual acquaintances is his own business. But most writers hanker after a good living by the sale of their literary wares to the community they live in; that makes them socially significant, not isolated amateurs responsible to nobody but themselves. If they want to be supported by the community, they must offer something in return which the community wants and will pay for; if all they can offer is literary work, that work must be what the public—or, if the public will not choose, the public's self-appointed representatives and rulers—wants or thinks it wants, without regard to the writer's personal wishes.

The rest of us have to earn or acquire our keep on those lines. Why should writers be specially exempt from doing what the community wants, whether they like doing it or not, as if they were infants, sick people, insane, or senile?

And just as the community protects itself against social and personal injury from the sale of material poisons and lays down standards of merit for products, so a money-seeking writer should be forbidden to offer mental poisons for sale or rubbishy literary goods. Other professionals have formed organised bodies which not only afford their members protection against abuse of their talents, but insist on definite qualifications and on professional conduct of socially ethical value, e.g., doctors. Why not writers?

The only kind of writer who can legitimately ignore the current values and demands of his society and its rulers is the privately writing amateur, who either has a 'private income' or earns his keep by some means other than writing. Such writers do exist, even in western society, despite the almost overwhelming dominance of the mercenary motive. And such writers no doubt exist in the U.S.S.R. despite the overwhelming dominance there of the political motive. Why should we doubt the existence of such Soviet writers, simply because by its very nature their private work is very rarely published—any more than the work of 'unpopular' or 'politically suspect' or 'cranky' writers on this side of the Iron Curtain has much chance of achieving commercial publication? It would seem that the Soviet rulers are belatedly realising that 'writing for writing's sake', because a man has something he must say or die and to blaze with political implications, is as valuable spiritually and mentally as 'pure science' for the sake of knowledge regardless of its cash value or warlike applications.

It would be a very good thing for western literature if we, too, heard a deal less about the money it made and paid far more attention than we do to its intellectual, aesthetic, and socially valuable qualities—and rewarded the writers of work with such qualities with cash as well as honourable recognition, instead of presenting tripe writers with livings and fortunes.

Yours, etc.,

Wyton

W. H. CAZALY

Discovery of the North-west Passage

Sir,—Mr. Murray Parks reminds you that Staff-sergeant Larsen, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, sailed through the North-west Passage and back during the last war, and that this achievement was described in a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in May 1945, but may credit be claimed for the B.B.C. having put Larsen's own account on the air before that?

In November 1944 in the Overseas Service and in January 1945 in the Home Service he spoke in 'Travellers' Tales', a series for which I was responsible as writer and producer. I had already planned a programme on the many historic attempts in quest of the North-west Passage when the first news came through of Larsen's double journey. Cables to S. J. de Lotbinière and Gilbert Harding, then B.B.C. representatives in Canada, resulted in Larsen being met when he docked at Vancouver, and within a few days his own recorded story was flown to London and broadcast in 'Travellers' Tales'.

Yours, etc.,

Sibford Gower,
Near Banbury

LESLIE BAILY



FINDING THE WEAK SPOT...

A misty night. Skilled hands are at work on the warehouse window. A click, and it's open. A lorryload of carpets is stolen—and a valuable contract lost.

Adequate insurance will make good the loss—but *the advice of an insurance expert might have prevented the theft*. For the British Insurance Companies have vast experience

of the methods of burglars; and it is part of their everyday service to help you to keep them out.

If you have any misgivings about *your* anti-burglary precautions ring up your Insurance Company and ask their advice. It costs you nothing. It is all part of the British Insurance Service.

BRITISH INSURANCE OFFICES
compete to give you service

Harold Godwinson, the Gay Adventurer

Sir,—I regret that my talk about Harold (THE LISTENER, April 8) caused the blood of Mr. Pine to boil. I myself am in such a permanent fever of indignation at the wrongs done to this injured country by the Belgian invaders of the first century B.C., the Romans of the first century A.D., the Picts, Scots, and Attacotti of the fourth century, and the really bloody and merciless Saxons of the fifth, that I have little emotion to spare for the more recent events of the eleventh.

More seriously, I did not expect that any of my facts would be questioned, since they were all drawn from Freeman's *Norman Conquest* or from the *Heimskringla*. The only point really in dispute is the election of Harold to the throne. It certainly took place within twenty-four hours of King Edward's death, and the Earl of Northumbria and Queen Emma the Queen Mother showed by their actions that they did not concur in it. It looks like a *coup* carried out by Harold and his brothers.

The Crown of England is now held by Act of Parliament, the Act of Settlement which chose one line among the descendants of King James I and ignored other lines which in the eyes of a herald would have a stronger claim. But before the accession of King George I it is impossible to speak of a rightful King of England. What right, save conquest, could the Emperor Claudius transmit to the Emperor Honorius? What right could Cerdic the ruthless invader transmit to St. Edward? England was a prize to be won in war, not something handed over by the dozen or so courtiers who buried the last king; Harold lost the war, and William won it; so I call William the rightful King.—Yours, etc.,
St. Leonards ALFRED DUGGAN

Sir,—As the author of a novel on the Norman Conquest which does justice to Duke William, may I comment on Alfred Duggan's talk, 'Harold Godwinson, the Gay Adventurer'.

Mr. Duggan rightly rejects the sedate Harold of the school-books. He offers instead, 'Rupert of Hentzau, not good King Arthur', and he claims that Harold was known to all who were acquainted with him as a valiant and charming rogue. It is a dashing portrait, the Harold of Norman writers and their successors: 'Earl Harold was a marvellous knight in war, rich and tall—and very wicked'. To claim that this likeness gives the Harold known to everyone in England is, perhaps, confiding.

The conquering Normans, wherever they appear in history, are remarkable for address and ebullience rather than for their zeal for truth. Excellent judges of valour, wit, and ability in their enemies, they were also excellent propagandists. In 1066, they announced that they would 'liberate' England from tyranny. A villain was essential, and a charming villain was produced. He had to have merits, since he had been honoured by William.

In the eleventh century, when men of action did not portray themselves in writing, the biographer finds a useful clue to character in his subject's choice of friends. The confessor and closest friend of 'Rupert of Hentzau' was St. Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, a saint of Franciscan gaiety and radiance: '... Harold loved Wulfstan above all men ... no less dearly the Saint loved the Earl ...'. Our authority is St. Wulfstan's chaplain and biographer, Coleman, whose lost work in Old English survives in the Latin of William of Malmesbury. In his own twelfth-century chronicle, Malmesbury, an Anglo-Norman, borrows from Coleman but significantly omits this passage. He omits also the specific statement that it was Wulfstan's influence (not the threat of force) which brought the Northumbrians over to the new King. Coleman's evidence is the more remarkable in that he wrote after the Conquest.

Harold is reputedly the common ancestor of Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh, through his daughter, Gytha. It is interesting to find that, despite hostile propaganda, he was remembered as a folk-hero in the twelfth century. We are told that many people believed he had not fallen and that he would come again with Arthur.—Yours, etc.,

Tunbridge Wells

HOPE MUNTZ

Rudyard Kipling as a Sociologist

Sir,—Mr. Bruce Miller's thoughtful letter (THE LISTENER, April 15) repeats the oft-exploded inaccuracy about Kipling's social position in India. Apart from the fact that, as his father's son, he would naturally move in the same circles as did the I.C.S. and Army, he was actually a member of the Punjab Club in Lahore (when it was in its original building which afterwards became Nedou's Hotel—Nedou was a Swiss whose grand-daughter is the wife of Sheikh Abdullah, ex-Prime Minister of Kashmir) and later of the Allahabad Club when he went to the *Pioneer*. On the occasions of his leaves in Simla he was a member of the Amateur Dramatic Club and composed a prologue for one of its performances (it was spoken by his sister who was in the cast). He himself acted in another play, 'A Scrap of Paper' in the part of Brisemouche. That particular production was put on at the request of the then Viceroy's wife (Lady Dufferin) in aid of the building fund for the Roman Catholic church which was under construction. Mr. Miller may have been misled by Kipling's 'Delilah' who patronised Ulysses Gunn, a man

Whose mode of earning money was a low and shameful one

He wrote for certain papers which, as everybody knows

Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows.

The quotation given by Mr. Miller in support of the idea that Kipling lacked membership of a club is taken from chapter III of *Something of Myself* (page fifty-six). If reference is made to, page forty-three, it will be seen that Kipling stresses the benefits he gained from membership of the Punjab Club: 'And in that Club and elsewhere I met none except picked men at their definite work—Civilians, Army, Education, Irrigation, Railways, Doctors, and Lawyers—samples of each branch and each talking his own shop'. The young reporter was not always popular; genius at any age seldom is and particularly when it is cutting its teeth. The social path for Kipling was otherwise far easier than it might have been for another youngster, primarily because of his family connections and then, as he recognised, because of his 'trade' which gave him an unrebuked foot in more than one camp.

Yours, etc.,

Beckenham

EDWIN HAWARD

Why British Trains are Slower

Sir,—May I reply to Mr. A. P. Smith's letter in THE LISTENER of April 22? Mr. Smith shifts his ground so frequently and irrelevantly that after this letter I fear I have neither time nor inclination to pursue his arguments down by-ways which have nothing to do with my original talk on 'Why British Trains are Slower'.

(1) Mr. Smith made a definite statement that the only damage done to our railway system in the war amounted to a few panes of glass being broken. When I gave the figures of actual damage to passenger coaches and freight wagons he branches off into a vague generalisation on percentages. He does not admit the damage to have been considerably more than he himself said it was, neither does he comment on the other damage I spoke of in respect of stations, ports, track, and installations. His percentage

figures do not tally with the total passenger and freight vehicles as set out by the British Transport Commission. Either his arithmetic or the basis of his calculations is at fault. In any case the argument about goods wagons is totally irrelevant to my original broadcast.

(2) I am not concerned with what pressure—political or otherwise—is brought to bear on the French railways. I stated that while British Railways pay their way French ones do not. Mr. Smith by his attempt to whitewash the reason for the ever-increasing losses in France seems tacitly to recognise my statement now. He introduces the usual red herring by bringing in a comparison of pre-war travel cost. My talk referred to the fact that today travel is cheaper in this country than in France and the farther you go the cheaper it becomes.

(3) The electrification of the Manchester-Sheffield line was held up obviously by the war and by the fact, that I have been trying steadily to make Mr. Smith see, that British Railways are working in ratio to the money available. No doubt in France they would have gone ahead regardless of cost and just adding to the enormous capital expenditure which the French taxpayer will presumably have to meet one day. I am aware that the £2,000,000 spent on diesels is for railcars and shunting locomotives—the best use to which this money could be put in our small island. The capital cost of a large diesel locomotive is enormous compared to a steam one and is only profitable really in countries where far longer runs are made and a more continuous use made of this form of locomotive than we can make.

(4) Replacements are not being stopped but once more are being undertaken in relation to funds available. Mr. Smith ignores the heavy upkeep of old stock.

(5) My statement may be surprising to Mr. Smith but I cannot see why. British Railways have a ceiling of coal and must use this to get the greatest good for the greatest number of travellers. Any coal losses in frequent stoppages do not amount to the total extra coal required for a set of new services that in turn will require slow trains to follow up the non-stops. Mr. Smith does appear to give credit to the post-war British Railways for accelerating the passenger trains in East Anglia which before the war were a disgrace in their slow schedules.

(6) America is not the only country to find its passenger services being menaced by competition from road services but what has this got to do with my original talk?

(7) I entirely disagree that British locomotive drivers before the war were badly trained compared to Continental ones. Were not these same drivers that Mr. Smith criticises the ones responsible for maintaining those fast express services that Mr. Smith would like to see restored?

(8) It is rubbish to say the 'Britannias' have failed and that a newer and larger class of locomotive is to be introduced because of this alleged failure. This new class has always been envisaged and the first one will come into operation in a few weeks—hardly time to have designed and built it as an afterthought. I suggest Mr. Smith consults the British Transport Commission if he does not believe me.

I must apologise for taking up so much of your valuable space but in fairness to British Railways and their drivers I feel Mr. Smith's criticisms should not go unanswered.

Mr. Smith has introduced all manner of irrelevant details into this correspondence and has made statements which I submit he has in no way substantiated—witness the absurd story of our railways suffering no damage in the war except for a few broken windows.—Yours, etc.,

Haywards Heath

P. E. WITHAM

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Round the London Art Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

HAVE you no serious young artists in England?' A young French painter asked this of me a week ago; no doubt he displayed Gallic insularity but he may perhaps be forgiven in that he had seen nothing save that which is purveyed by the British Council, and he was disappointed. I wish that our propagandists would show good paintings rather than paintings that they, in their innocence, believe to be *'avant-garde'*, and I would suggest that they might begin by looking at the exhibition of Claude Rogers paintings in the Leicester Galleries and at the works of Roger de Grey at Agnews. Here indeed we have two serious artists who do us credit.

Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, who are also showing some pleasing facile works by Belleruche (1864-1944) and a collection of delicate, sensitive but very tenuous water colours by Pitchforth, have a room full of paintings by Claude Rogers, a galaxy which confirms me in my opinion that Mr. Rogers is one of the three or four contemporary British painters who are assured of lasting fame. This exhibition will raise him further in the estimation of those who admire integrity and intelligence in painting; on the other hand it may disappoint those who expect the melting sensual colour, the disciplined prettiness, of his earlier work. The persistent search for an exact and perfectly truthful statement of forms, which was already apparent in his Festival picture of Miss Lynn, has been pushed to grimmer lengths with a more complete indifference to the graces of painting and with a new and disturbing ferocity of colour.

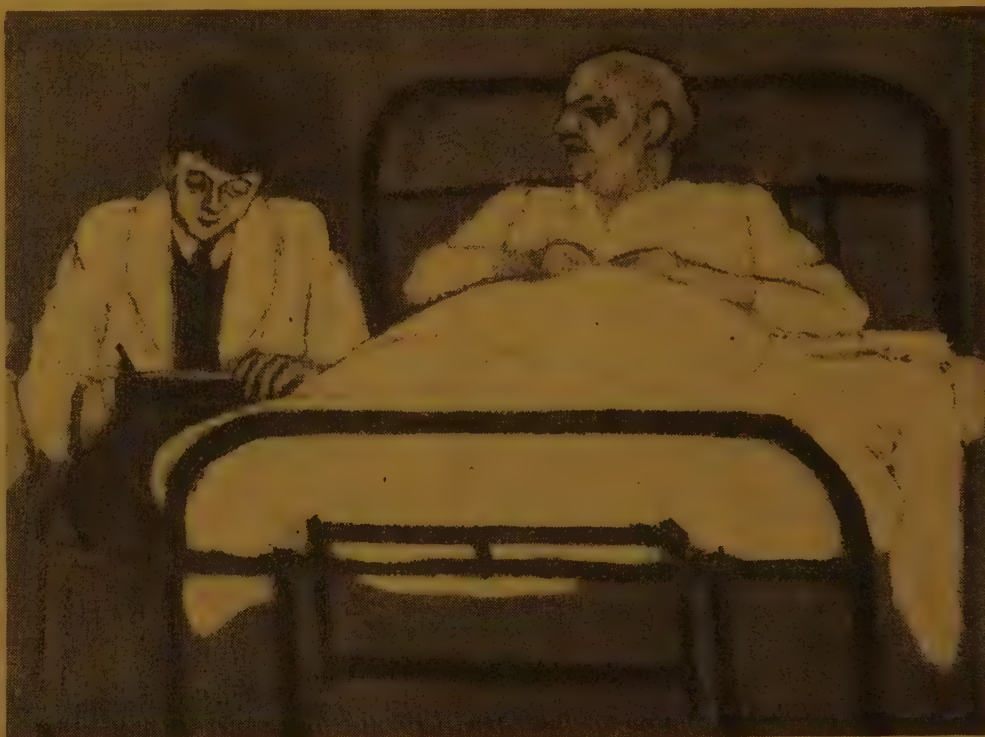
When, in this uncompromising manner, he turns from landscapes to hospital wards, the result is admirable rather than enjoyable. The exhibition is dominated by a large composition—'The Hornby Train'—in which he sets himself a prodigious task; the spectator's angle of vision is, as it were, twisted over; the carpet and the toy railway are seen flattened like a map at our feet while the figures standing against it form a subtle re-entrant pattern. A red chair against a red sofa further complicates the difficulties of making a picture which so strongly exists both as a two-dimensional design and as an arrangement in depth. It is a bold essay which, even if it be thought not to have succeeded (I, for my part, cannot make up my mind as to whether it has or has not) must certainly be accounted a grand attempt. Despite a superb still life—'The Blow Lamp'—it is as a landscape painter that Claude Rogers is most certainly to be commended; as such he is armed with a bewildering magic; he seems to hold space in his hand and to do as he pleases with it; look, for instance, at the 'Tangled Garden' in which the greatest nicety of outline is allied to perfect aeriality, or at 'The Spithead Forts', a masterly and orderly evocation of the crash and return of breakers before the gale, the atmosphere, the space and the majesty of the sea.

Mr. Roger de Grey is an extremely good painter. It will be exciting to watch his development, for his work impressively suggests high

gifts allied to high integrity. His drawing seems to result from a scientific humility which makes his final statements grave, profound and entirely satisfying. Observe, for instance, the diffident but completely just manner in which he conveys the movement of a girl's head and neck in his 'Interior, Newcastle', or the sure but hesitant delineation of the magnificent curving spray of bramble in 'Midsummer'—one of his finest conceptions. There is in his work, not only a fine ability to organise nature, but a deference to facts and a disdain of technical ostentation which enable him 'to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art'. He has been much influenced by Lawrence Gowing, has profited by the regimen of that painter's exact draughtsmanship and has been rather less happily influenced by his palette. He is,

however, discovering his own very personal and very beautiful sense of colour and is also achieving an ever greater assurance in the handling of space. These qualities may be found in the recent and very distinguished 'Girl with a Fan' and in the purplish greys, blues, and subdued warmth of 'Newcastle Landscape'.

Mr. Reg Butler has talents enough to make even abstract sculpture look interesting. In his new works at the Hanover Gallery he attempts to do more; he seeks not to interest but to excite. To this end he has made a decided approach to figurative art and has peopled his wire traps with recognisable creatures. He has, I fancy, looked carefully and intelligently at Manzu, at Giacometti, at Michel-



'The Case Opposite', by Claude Rogers, from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

angelo and at some ethnological collections, and he has, with considerable art, created bodies or parts of bodies which become more or less intimately involved with the circumambient machinery. The effect, as in 'Study for Manipulator', can be impressive; but in other works the marriage of two media seems unhappy. That which is abstract loses its purity, that which is figurative becomes unreal. One hopes that the experiment will be continued but feels that, as yet, it has not been wholly successful. Nevertheless this is an exhibition not to be missed by those who are interested in the problems of contemporary sculpture.

Crowds have seen the works of Pietro Annigoni at Wildenstein's and I am sure that they have enjoyed themselves; for if you like Signor Annigoni's kind of painting he will give you your money's worth, and even if you find his points a little obvious you must allow that he knows how to make them. His are subjects that must surely please, his sitters are so distinguished, so lifelike, so elegant; his problem pictures are so problematical—and withal so modern; his nudes are so luscious, so becomingly draped in diaphanous netting and yet so very nude; as for his technique, that is so polished and so perfect that one wonders whether his pictures are indeed done by hand—and if so why? He who has seen Annigoni may fairly be excused from visiting this year's Royal Academy.

Penguin Books have published *An English-German, German-English Dictionary* (price 5s.) compiled by W. E. Collinson and Mrs. H. Connell.

The Palmer Triplets

I. Nineteenth Century

Smoke from a chimney lazed
(Seen in an old vignette);
'Dream and remember', wrote the smoke,
'Or waken and forget'.

Jotted against a cloud
A spray of v-shaped birds
Spelt in their static formation-flight
A message without words;

Summer was in the cloud
And the heavy cumulus trees,
The drum of the sun-warmed ear was lulled
By undertones of bees;

A crone with a load of wood
Resting beside the road
Drugged with the obsolete afternoon
Dozed by the old abode;

The stump of the courtly house
Stood firm, the hag was bent
In a courtesy to approaching death,
A bow that was permanent:

Peace like a coma shut
The scene, that house, her bow,
From the great fine worrying world
(As raging then as now);

Peace in the dormant house—
Ah, but a puzzling thing,
The caption in Gothic script beneath
Said NEW PLACE, ATHELING.

How was it ever new
This place imbued with age
An age before that view was drawn
For an Early Victorian page?

II. Sixteenth Century

For the long journey out of Kent new-dressed
In a white mantle with a fur-trimmed hood
Four hundred years ago at New Place stood
Sir Edward Palmer's bride; she stood stock-still,
Stared at the bold-emblazoned Palmer crest
And felt a strange surrender of the will

Heraldic art in images proclaims
The worship of fertility and blood.
The Palmer totem, from the herald's stud,
Was half a panther, argent and irate,
And issuant from its eager head were flames
All proper, as from a domestic grate.

Alice, confronted with the panther, felt
Its teeth and flame-red breath and silver pelt
More than symbolic of her husband's race:
Its rampant beauty seemed to glorify
His new-found image in her inward eye,
Their love's ferocious joy and feral grace.

New Place, new wife, new Lady Palmer: married,
She found a promise in that gonfalon
And in the palm-branch that the panther carried—
Promise of victory in life's long war,
Promise of life, with peace to follow on.
She turned, she smiled, her diffidence all gone.

Famous in history and obstetric lore
The Palmer triplets. On a Sunday one
Was born; after a week a second son:
They say a woman's work is never done—
In labour still, Sir Edward's lady bore
On the third Sunday safely one son more.

'My loving pride has equally been shared
Between my sons', their ageing dam declared,
'My three bright panthers of a single litter—
Sir John, Sir Henry, and Sir Thomas Palmer,
Each son a champion and not one a quitter,
Each a stout stuffing for a suit of armour.

'Henry the Eighth gave each the accolade
In turn for valour. My son John survives,
But two in earth, God rest their souls, are laid—
God rest them, they were valiant in their lives.
Henry died old in battle for this nation,
Tom was beheaded—for miscalculation.

'My babes arrived without unseemly haste,
With health and strength all three by God were graced;
Myself like them must soon be laid in earth
But may be not forgotten in this land
(Old doddering dowager now with shaking hand)
Because of their unprecedented birth'.

III. Twentieth Century

The stump of the aged house
Remains exactly yet
As the graver saw it who set himself
To devise a new vignette.

Passing the old decoy
Look ahead through the thick
Upstart rods of elder and ash
At the warm and rosy brick;

The chimney is still the same,
Smoke rises, fire still warms,
But life takes on in the Tudor rooms
New, un-Tudor forms;

Under the apple-trees
Slacks hung up to dry—
In a casual can-can slackly kick
Towards the same old sky;

They seem to be keeping time
To something on 'the Light':
The cowman's daughter's boy-friend goes
With her to a dance tonight;

On the back of his motor-bike
They're off to a Gala Hop,
She'll wear her apricot nylon dress,
Her shoes from the Co-op.

Good luck to you, girl, with your new,
Your healthy Sussex face,
And, boy, to you: and come back safe
To this far from new New Place.

Though the panther-breed have moved
To another sphere or shire,
A panther lurks in every heart—
Beware, its breath is fire!

WILLIAM PLOMER
—Third Programme

The Future of the English Novel

By ANGUS WILSON

IT has for some time now been customary to use the title 'The Future of the English Novel' as the conventional introduction to the announcement of its death. To a considerable section of the population the news of the imminent death of any form of art is always pleasing. But professional Philistines apart, there is that host of people who have somehow become tied to literature through social or economic causes alone. They are to be found in so many groups: among academic teachers of literature and professional critics and publishers; pre-eminently among tired or disgruntled writers—for them such news is not just a titillating pleasure, but the ultimate satisfaction.

Even for these professional mourners, however, thirsting for a good cultural wake, the sick-bed of the novel has become stale comfort. It is not the survival of any particular form of art that they fear—indeed, a thick stream of mediocrity is their delight—but the emergence of any vital creative vision. Luckily we need not worry about their fears, they are bound to be well-founded. Genius, when it comes, will be proof against the murderous good sense of any level-headed Gifford. So we need not be disturbed about the future of novelists of genius, but merely, thank God, that we are not as other men—killers of Keats.

We may legitimately, however, it seems to me, ask if the climate in which English novels are written today will be beneficial to the flowering of genius in that unexpected hour when it will surely appear. Basically, the novel, like other literary forms, depends upon a personal vision and adequate powers of endurance to battle with the formal problems of communicating that vision. So much is banal, yet still needs saying. Nevertheless, although serious modern critics lay so much emphasis on the underlying total meaning of novels—their religion, so to speak—they do differ from the literary forms, in particular poetry, in two important respects. They are works of entertainment, and, since they express their meaning in terms of characters, they are ultimately social statements. It is in these two aspects, peculiar to the novel, that the doubts of genuine critics, as opposed to literary funeral mutes, arise.

As the entertainment element of light fiction grows greater, so the entertainment element of serious novels has begun to disappear; and its absence has undoubtedly impoverished English novels. The remedy for this deficiency is largely a formal one. In the years between the wars, an absorption with psychology, bred of the effluence of Freud, led to an increasing use of indirect presentations of the external world—interior monologue and stream-of-consciousness writing. By a healthy reaction, in these post-war years presentation has become increasingly direct, in the naturalistic dialogue of Henry Green or the formalised dialogue of Ivy Compton Burnett. In both phases, however, the essential elements of narrative and description have been ignored. It is their restoration which will do much to make the serious novel competent entertainment again. But, above all, serious novelists should remember that though they have every right to be difficult, they have no right to be boring.

Social Context

It is in the social context of the contemporary English novel, in its relation to the changed social structure of today, that those who look to the future have perhaps the greatest misgivings. But it is exactly here that the richest promise lies. The social context of novels has become a somewhat disreputable theme, not only because of its flavour of easy marxist analysis, but also because social realism has become the refuge of the novelist without vocation. Documentary representations of fractions of the social scene have nothing to do with the essential relationship of a novelist to society. It is this essential relationship which is, at present, confused. The English novel grew up with the emergence of a new social structure; the most serious novelists since James and Forster have reflected the decline of that structure in the very essence of their creation. Now that decline is complete, and the better-novelists of today, who still belong to that vanished world, have been driven into the realms of childhood for their inspiration. But the new social structure has not come into being overnight. The new ruling class—that strange mixture of business experts, bureaucrats, social scientists, and the rest

of the Welfare set-up—are firmly in the saddle; the fusion of the old nineteenth-century remnants with the new rulers is almost complete.

It is a world which cannot inform the creations of those of us who were born before it came into being. We cannot take it enough for granted. If we attempt to use it for creative inspiration we shall inevitably be too conscious of its outlines; we shall fall into documentary. But a new generation is arising from the new ruling class who will accept the world they dominate, for whom it will be so much a background that it shapes their art as it does their morality without their being conscious of it. It is from such new ruling classes, sure of themselves yet still vigorously believing in their future, that I believe the best of our novelists will come. It was from such a background that Jane Austen came, less consciously concerned with the wider social issues of her time than any other novelist, yet so deeply imbued with an unconscious sense of social structure. Another decade perhaps, and we shall see some other genius protecting her world from the contempt of the old regime of Darcy and Lady Catherine, saving it from the tarnish of adventurers like Wickham, or vulgarians like Mrs. Jennings, renouncing its origins as Fanny Price renounced her family.

—Third Programme

The Dustbins

These urban urns
In which each day
We throw our rubbish
And our dust away;
These stinking tombs
That our dust men
Humorously resurrect
And do to death again;
These clanking graves
That bang their own
Dull knell; these stale
Vaults of blood and bone,
Of eggshell skulls,
Smashed pots, sad rags,
Tea-leaf and sodden
Bread in paper bags:
—These are the early doors
Of death, the privy gates
That we begin to cast
Our shadows through: the fates
We just begin to greet
With our continually discarded
Mess—our nails, hair, skin
And teeth tossed unregarded
Into these anterooms of earth,
A gradual disintegration
Slow as that long decay
That is the soul's anticipation.

Ashes to ashes, dust
To dust—the earth
Accepts itself, and all
Is thrown away in birth
That nothing wastes.
Even the thinnest muck
Has virtue: the ground
Makes straw of brick.
And these soiled bins
Shall in their turn
Be void, yet filled, like us,
With earth, their living urn.

JAMES KIRKUP

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Triumph and Tragedy. By the Rt. Hon.

Sir Winston S. Churchill. Cassell. 30s.

THE LAST VOLUME of Sir Winston Churchill's war memoirs faithfully and unflinchingly describes the military operations from the landings in Normandy to the first use of the atomic bomb. The sound of cannon is clearly heard until its noise is drowned by the cheers of liberated peoples welcoming the victorious armies. But although the author, who acted as much as commander-in-chief of the British forces as Marshal Stalin did of the Russian, evokes the clash of the last battles, in which so much of the direction was his, he is not listening to the sounds of warfare. It is the shape of the future which is troubling him and engaging his attention. So long as the enemy pressed them hard the allies were trusting comrades in arms. As the pressure relaxed and victory drew near the sense of unity began to fade. It was not for a long time that the signs were heeded in America although Sir Winston urgently drew the attention of, first, President Roosevelt and then of President Truman to them.

It was over the form of government that liberated Poland should have that the differences first appeared. After much evasion and double talk from Stalin the Russian attitude, stripped of persiflage, emerged: there was to be no government in Poland which did not acknowledge the suzerainty of the Soviet Union. It was not enough for a Polish politician to be not anti-communist, he must be ardently pro-Soviet. Because the Warsaw rising was led by Poles who were not known to be enthusiastic pro-communists Stalin ruthlessly allowed the brave resistance fighters of Warsaw to be massacred although the Russian forces a few miles away could easily have come to their aid. He would not even permit the western allies to borrow the use of an airfield in Russian-controlled territory through which they could send assistance to the dying Poles. Arrangements were made for representatives of the London Polish Government to be given safe conduct into Russian-controlled Poland to discuss the possibility of joining with the Lublin Polish Government backed by Russia in a coalition government. The promise of safe conduct was broken and the visiting Poles were arrested and imprisoned.

By 1945 the Russians had become neurotically suspicious of the western allies. A German general in Italy made contact with Field-Marshal Alexander's command asserting that he could arrange the surrender of the Germans on the Italian front. Because Alexander's representatives held a meeting in Switzerland with this general, at which they attempted to test his credentials, the Russians, on being informed of this by the western allies, immediately concluded that Britain and America were trying to make a separate peace with Germany. The astonishing letters written by Molotov and Stalin levelling accusations of bad faith came as an alarming shock to Roosevelt and the Prime Minister.

In May, 1945, Sir Winston Churchill telegraphed to President Truman emphasising his fears of what would follow if the Russians were allowed to dominate central Europe with their armies while the British and American armies melted away. It was in that telegram that the phrase 'iron curtain' was first used. Sir Winston comments, 'Of all the public documents I have written on this issue I would rather be judged by this'. In it Sir Winston accurately forecast the Russian attempt to dominate Europe—even to the means that would be used.

Throughout the closing months of the war Sir

Winston lived a double life. Outwardly he could rejoice with the public that the war was coming to an end. Inwardly he was deeply troubled by the mounting evidence that Russia, once victorious, would not retire behind her frontiers but would seek to expand further westward. Not the least of his difficulties was the fact that, at the time, President Truman, who had only just succeeded Roosevelt, was being pressed by his entourage to act as a kind of mediator between Russia and Britain. Many Americans saw Britain in old-fashioned terms as an imperialist nation which would seek to acquire the utmost territorial advantages from the war.

There has probably been no more revealing account of a statesman in travail than this final volume of the history of the second world war. Yet, while dark forebodings cast their shadows, there were also flickerings of the light which seems a little nearer today. Sir Winston's accounts of his conversations with Stalin in a jovial mood are presumably the pattern of what he has in mind today when he seeks for talks between Prime Ministers and Heads of States. There was a strange, rough camaraderie in which Stalin would ask for Sir Winston's autograph on a menu, or proclaim that no friend of Britain would wish for the slightest diminution in general respect to the British monarchy, or drink to the health of, 'the most courageous of all Prime Ministers in the world . . . who when all Europe was ready to fall flat before Hitler said that Britain would stand and fight alone against Germany even without any allies. . . . To the health of the man who is born once in a hundred years, and who bravely held up the banner of Great Britain'.

The First Decadent: Being the Strange

Life of J. K. Huysmans

By James Laver. Faber. 25s.

Huysmans remarked on his death bed that he did not see why the public should want any biography: he had told all in his books. Up to now the English public has been as easily satisfied; but Mr. Laver has done well to take us behind the well-thumbed pages of *A rebours* and *La-bas*. Huysmans' life, even outside the books, sounds exciting enough: he began as one of Zola's brilliant disciples; he savoured every dreg of Parisian vice; he experimented in Black Magic; he underwent a startling conversion to Catholicism; and he ended his life shattered by a disease as ghastly as any of the self-inflicted torments of his favourite saints. All this seems admirable material for the biographer.

Unfortunately there are snags. The leader of the decadent movement, who succeeded in 'sinning his way to Jesus', lived the humdrum life of a respectable civil servant. Early in his career he severed his connections with all literary men, and his personal relations were confined to the brothel or the confessional. The biographer, in fact, can only soak himself in the period, and then bring his intelligence to bear upon the evidence given in the 'novels'—that richly wrought medley of literary criticism, art history, religious meditation, and introspection.

Mr. Laver has accomplished each part of his task with enthusiasm and skill. He treats the fictional autobiography with good-humoured reserve, and is intelligent enough to realise that, even in the most purple of passages, Huysmans may be laughing at himself. He is at his most brilliant in describing the worlds into which Huysmans was thrown by his thirst for sensation—in the tale of the rival professors of magic,

and the story of the uneasy revival of the Benedictine Order. Huysmans chose the most bogus of the magicians and the most troubled of monastic orders: his preoccupation with *Péternelle bêtise de l'humanité* came home to roost. But Mr. Laver retains his respect for Huysmans' sincerity, while his dispassionate account illuminates the isolation and futility of Huysmans as a man. In the last resort, the highest praise Mr. Laver can give to Huysmans as an artist is that 'he made the first systematic attempt to construct an organ of the senses from which no stop was absent—unless by chance it was the stop called *Vox humana*'.

Venetian Opera in the Seventeenth Century. By Simon Towneley Worsthorpe. Oxford. 50s.

There is no more astonishing phenomenon in the history of music than the rapid development of opera as a musical form. Until the last decade of the sixteenth century it was non-existent; for we may ignore such precedents as existed in the form of pastoral plays with incidental music. A generation later opera began to flourish as a form of public entertainment in many theatres built expressly for its performance. This sudden, swift flowering was due in part to the genius of Monteverdi. His intellectual comprehension of the true nature of opera, as distinct from the theoretical dogmas of the Florentine Camerata, at once set the new musical-dramatic form on the right lines, from which it has deviated at its peril and to which it has always had to return.

It was singularly fortunate that, when he left the service of the Gonzagas, Monteverdi should have gone to Venice. For Venice was the one city in all Italy where there was a public, as distinct from a wealthy Court, capable of supporting the new form of entertainment. So, although he was not first in the field with a public opera, he was present to preside over the new development, and to provide the example and stimulus of the four operas which he composed for the Venetian theatres. Moreover, it was his pupil, Cavalli, who during the next generation shared with Cesti, an immigrant from Rome, the chief honours of Venetian opera.

It is upon this later period after Monteverdi's death that the book under review concentrates its attention. It is a period about which little has been written by English musicologists, and that only in a general way. A closer study of the period, upon which Prunières' twenty-three-year-old *Cavalli et L'Opéra Vénitien* is the most accessible authority, has long been due. Mr. Worsthorpe has been at pains to study the material at first hand in Venice, and his book is certainly not to be judged by the rather callow generalisations of its opening pages. He seems to the present reviewer to give too little credit to Monteverdi's achievement and influence in Venice. 'Poppaea' was the first opera to break away from mythology and use a subject derived from classical history, thus setting a fashion which became increasingly popular with librettists during the following years.

It was Cesti who, with 'Orontea', deviated from the type of opera Monteverdi had established. Surprisingly this important work, a true comedy much more intimate in style than the typically baroque productions of Cavalli, is only mentioned casually and that with a wrong date (1666). For 'Orontea' was first performed in 1649 only six years after Monteverdi's death. This is not unimportant, for it marked Cesti's *début* in Venice, and it was, for its time, a work



CORSICA

Our Travel Agent put us on to a good Spring holiday. We are flying to Nice for a few days and then on to Corsica to see the glorious flowers on the Scented Isle. All on the same through tourist ticket for just over £36 return from London.

Other Tourist return fares from London

PARIS £13

(offpeak £11; Epicurean Viscount £16)

MARSEILLES £29.9.0

NICE (day) £29.15.0; (night) £26.10.0

BARCELONA £36.11.0

PALMA £40.14.0; ROME £47.14.0

MILAN £34.4.0; GENEVA £26.4.0

From Manchester slightly more.

AIR FRANCE

Illustrated brochures
on request

BAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. WHITEhall 4455
AF39

ATTLEE HIS MEMOIRS

"Beautifully recaptures remembrance of childhood and youth... quietly delivered judgments ring sincere and there is some times the touch of a claw in his comments. Future historians will find this autobiography a fascinating source book"—

THE TIMES

As It Happened

Illustrated. 16s

HEINEMANN

Six splendid Spring books

ROBERT PENN WARREN

His great new narrative poem

Brother to Dragons

"The ease with which he sustains his theme throughout a long and complex development is a welcome proof that the epic manner has not exhausted its vitality." THE TIMES
"Excited, exciting, whole and highly readable... great nobility." LISTENER
(15/- net)

FRANK TILSLEY Voice of the Crowd

"Stamped with such idiosyncratic strength and hardihood that it never fails to engage and command the reader's interest." PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON
(John O'London's Weekly)

"A moving political document, written with tremendous gusto." DAILY TELEGRAPH
(12/6 net)

J. D. SCOTT The End of an Old Song

"A full-sized novel on a grand human scale, with every character alive and in the round." JOHN BETJEMAN
(Daily Telegraph)

"Rich in implications and told with formidable skill." WALTER ALLEN
(New Statesman)

"A keen intelligence, a sharp eye, and a genuine, quick narrative gift." J. W. LAMBERT
(Sunday Times)
(12/6 net)

The Daily Mail April Book of the Month

URSULA CURTISS

(author of *The Noonday Devil*)

The Iron Cobweb

"She makes your flesh creep deliciously... I closed it with the uncommon satisfaction of feeling that all my questions had been answered... vivid but graceful prose." FRANCIS GRIERSON
(Daily Mail)
(10/6 net)

MARK SCHORER The Wars of Love

"He commands not only style in the great sense, but convincingness of a rare kind... So hypnotically vivid are his characters, so memorable the scenes through which they live, that their experience seems to become one's own." ELIZABETH BOWEN
(Tatler)
(10/6 net)

AND

"This fascinating book."—SIR JOHN SQUIRE

H. F. M. PRESCOTT Jerusalem Journey

"Her imagination fuses at a high pitch the creative and the historical elements... a picture of extraordinary vividness, beauty and compelling conviction." JOHN CONNELL
(Evening News)

"It speaks of humanity itself—ancient, modern, everlasting. She has the rare ability of lifting the iron curtain of time." GLASGOW HERALD
(18/- net)

C. P. Snow THE NEW MEN

This important new novel is approximately the half-way point in the 'Lewis Eliot' sequence of ten or eleven volumes. 12s. 6d.



Sudan Days and Ways

H. C. JACKSON

A first-hand account of the life of a District Commissioner in the Sudan forty years ago. 'This fascinating book... The author is steeped in Sudanese lore.'—Daily Telegraph. Illustrated. 18s.

Burma under the Japanese

THAKIN NU

Prime Minister of Burma

First-class historical material... The mind that is revealed in this book is of no ordinary quality.—Times Literary Supplement. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.



James Stephens

COLLECTED
POEMS

'James Stephens is the master of music. It was a joy to see the re-issue of his Collected Poems.'—British Weekly. With ten poems which have never before appeared in book form. 15s.

Schubert's Variations

MAURICE BROWN

For the general musician as well as the specialist. 'Fascinating reading.'—Music and Musicians. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

MACMILLAN

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

of great originality. It is, again, surprising that no reference is made by Mr. Worsthorne in his chapter on the concerted music, to the quartet in 'Oronteia', in which two of the singers comment in burlesque fashion upon the raptures of two lovers. For this must be the earliest example of the type of ensemble which, neglected in later opera seria, became an essential feature of nineteenth-century Italian opera.

These are, however, only faults of emphasis and omission in a book which is extremely rich in information and generally judicious in its conclusions. Two of the most valuable chapters are those which deal with the history and structure of the theatres that sprang up like mushrooms in Venice during the seventeenth century, and with the ingenious machinery used for the appearances of supernatural characters, which plays so important a part in baroque opera. How elaborate and multifarious these machines were may be realised from reading the synopsis of 'Il Belerofonte', produced in 1642 by Giacomo Torelli, the greatest of Italian theatrical engineers, which is printed in an appendix together with reproductions of Torelli's designs and a summary of Sabbatini's chapters on the methods of producing various theatrical effects.

On the music there are informative chapters dealing with the aria and the orchestra, besides that on the concerted music already mentioned, and the book concludes with discussions of the relations between librettists and composers, and of the aesthetics of the period. Mr. Worsthorne has, in fact, dissected the whole anatomy of Venetian opera with a skill which makes the book indispensable to all students of the subject.

Literary Essays of Ezra Pound. Edited with an introduction by T. S. Eliot. Faber. 30s.

A misleading title. These essays are not a considered choice from all the writer's critical work, but a heavy sheaf garnered from some half-forgotten volumes, *Instigations*, etc., and from periodicals. The keyword in the categorising introduction is 'important', and this is unfortunate because the material here collected is representative of Pound, not at his unequal best, but at his characteristic and cantankerous worst. The contents of this volume are riddled with pedantry, frantic with prejudice, arrant and arid with the convictions of superior knowledge.

The pedantry, for all its air of 'robustezza' is propped on the old rickety fallacies, chief among them being the fallacy that literature is a self-producing phenomenon, an infinite network series of cause-and-effect, in which any given writer is the result of a set of influences. It follows from this, as night from day, that every young writer should copy the best models. Shakespeare, presumably, should have written with an eye on Euripides (like Mr. Eliot) instead of making what he could, and did, out of the crude thrillers and chronicles of his day. But what is good in literature has to be made out of the rough, half-licked stuff that happened to precede it. That being so, it is useless to be warned, pedant-wise, of examples and precedents that we cannot afford to ignore. What is new has to create its own standard.

Another ancient fallacy is that what is first in a series must somehow be the best; for example, troubadour poetry in the long series of European lyric. But the troubadours were no more than the blackthorn winter to the summer that followed. Yet more pedantry undermines the reader's confidence in the long essay on Cavalcanti. Here we are greeted with the old chestnut that what is bad in Cavalcanti must be a 'corruption of the text', just as bad Shakespeare has so often been blamed on 'another hand' or a copyist's error. There is pedantry up to date in the assurance that Cavalcanti's

Canzone must be a masterpiece because it shocked his contemporaries. To the generation of *Blast*, what was good must be shocking and what was shocking must be good. But that axiom has now been exploded.

It is difficult to read this book without beginning to make a *sottisier*: on Henry James, we are told not to read *The Golden Bowl* and all that cobwebby stuff. Read *Eugene Pickering* instead. One of our greatest lyric poets, Blake, is touched off with

Tiger, tiger, catch 'em quick.
All the little lambs are sick.

Poor Blake just didn't have the know-how. Nor did almost any other writer (since the renaissance) except Pound and a few of his *confrères*. There are pats on the back for Eliot and Joyce. That Joyce's empty, 'marmoreal' verses should be really fulsomely praised, while there is nothing but caterwauling abuse for Housman is perhaps a sufficient index of reliability.

Pound's contemplation is a restless, fitful, peeping cherub—and like the cherub in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, it cannot sit down because it hasn't *de quoi*. Nothing so basic as a basis. The finish, the superficiality, is all—the 'hard, clear lines', the chastened façade. Such ideals and prejudices are as old as the Parnassians and the Pre-Raphaelites, and their value today is definitely exhausted. They are a reminder of an age which, while it seemed a renaissance to itself, could not in reality have been more finally *fin de siècle*.

Agricola and Roman Britain By A. R. Burn.

English University Press. 7s. 6d.

This is an innovation in the series 'Teach Yourself History'. Hitherto Dr. A. L. Rowse, the editor, has selected for discussion men and women who dominated or deeply influenced the period in which they lived. The characters whom he has chosen, from Pericles to Lenin, have been in some sense among the 'great men' of history. But not so Agricola. He was a very average member of the Roman ruling classes. His official career was not remarkable, except that he had a somewhat longer period in Britain than most provincial governors of his day were given by the Emperors. His insight into the ways of history, as it turned out, was shown by nothing so much as by his choice of a son-in-law. For he married his only child, Julia, a girl aged thirteen, to Cornelius Tacitus. And Tacitus' biography of Agricola is one of the most famous literary achievements of the Romans.

A. R. Burn, who has already contributed books on Pericles and Alexander the Great to this series, has made the most of the opportunity with which Agricola and Tacitus present him. His work is necessarily somewhat imaginative in parts; but he is always fair to his readers, and the layman can easily see what is ascertained fact, and what is enlightened speculation. There are vivid pictures of Agricola's childhood and youth at Fréjus and Marseilles, of his three periods of service in Britain—first as military tribune, later (at the age of thirty) as commander of the Twentieth Legion, and finally at thirty-eight as Governor—of life in the Roman army and on the frontier, of Britain itself, and so on. The book is a vivid introduction to the early Roman Empire, or at any rate to the early history of this part of it.

Mr. Burn's work could not have been written had it not been for our archaeologists. Tacitus tells us much, but he does not tell us enough. Many of the most interesting things that we know about the Britain to which Agricola came have been revealed to us by the patient work of generations of archaeologists from William Camden on. Archaeology in parts of Germany is as well developed as ours, perhaps better; but it

is not easy to think of any other part of the world where each generation for centuries has provided so many hundreds of men and women who devote their time and money to this fascinating study. Mr. Burn, as Lecturer in Ancient History in the University of Glasgow, is well placed to follow the results of archaeological research in the parts of Britain where Agricola was most active at the most interesting periods of his life. And although some of what he says may be controversial, certainty cannot be reached until the public or the state provide more funds to support the archaeologists.

If you are not interested in Roman Britain, read this book, and you will feel something of the fascination of the subject; if you are already interested, Mr. Burn's book will excite and provoke you.

Documents and Speeches on British Commonwealth Affairs 1931-1952

Edited by Nicholas Mansergh. Two volumes. Oxford. 84s.

These volumes consist of the principal published documents and speeches on intra-Commonwealth affairs from the Statute of Westminster to the accession of the present Queen. No one is better qualified to compile such a collection than Professor Mansergh, who has succeeded to admiration in the difficult task of including everything that is important and nothing that is not. Both he and Chatham House, under whose auspices these volumes are issued, are to be congratulated on a work which will be invaluable not only to students but to those responsible for the day-to-day conduct of Commonwealth relations.

At first sight it may be surprising to find that out of 1,300 pages only about 200 are concerned specifically with foreign and defence policy, and another 100 or so with economic and financial questions. The balance, or nearly eighty per cent. of the whole, deals with matters which can broadly be classified as constitutional; a proportion by no means reflecting—indeed rather inverting—the relative importance of such matters and the amount of attention devoted to them by Commonwealth Governments. This does not imply any criticism of Professor Mansergh's selection. The explanation is simply that important decisions on constitutional matters almost invariably involve legislation and thus lend themselves better to contemporary documentary illustration than subjects which are mainly dealt with in unpublished documents. They are therefore bound to be over-represented in works like this.

The general impression that emerges from these volumes is that of the success of the non-British elements of the Commonwealth in progressively eliminating all constitutional ties with the United Kingdom which detract, or appear to them to detract, from their sovereign status. Of such ties, or 'badges of colonialism' as they will be found here described by a Canadian Minister, the common status of British subject has since the war been replaced by separate national citizenships, so that the Briton of today must glory in the name of citizen of the United Kingdom and Colonies; the appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been abolished by all except three of the present members of the Commonwealth; while the common allegiance to a common Crown, which used to be regarded as fundamental and essential, has been waived in the case of the Indian Republic, thus setting a precedent which is about to be followed by Pakistan.

In spite of the prevalence of 'statusitis' among some countries old enough to know better—it has been said that grown-up people ought not to have fumps—the picture is not one of unrelieved depression. The Commonwealth view is worthily represented by General



Can you live with it?

Good wood, simple design, solid craftsmanship—does it sound a dull formula? We think not, for these basic principles underlie the simple lasting beauty of all Gordon Russell furniture.

Quite often people tell us they would be glad to live with our furniture. "But," they say, "you're too expensive for me, I'm afraid." It isn't true, you know. In good furnishing houses in most parts of the country you will find Gordon Russell dining room, bedroom and occasional furniture which, though it is made to a high standard, is not at all expensive. Write for the name of your nearest stockist.

good furniture need not be expensive



Gordon Russell Limited

BROADWAY · WORCESTERSHIRE

CRC17

'Just Suppose ...'

A happy family, perhaps not unlike your own. But just suppose something happened to father... to what extent could the family carry on as before?

The best protection, whether he lives or not, is that provided by the Norwich Union's "Family Security" policy. For the husband it insures £2,000 in cash at age 65 or a pension for life, whilst if he dies before then the family can rely on receiving £20 tax free every month until he would have been 65, and then the £2,000.



Isn't this modern plan just what you are looking for? Then send for the booklet which tells you all about it.

Norwich Union

INSURANCE SOCIETIES

16-26 SURREY STREET, NORWICH, NORFOLK.

Please send a copy of your illustrated booklet which gives details of the Norwich Union "Family Security" Policy.

(M.....)

Address.....

Date of Birth.....

L.56

RECENT PUBLICATIONS FROM THE GOVERNMENT BOOKSHOP

THE R.A.F. IN THE WAR

A THREE VOLUME POPULAR HISTORY

Now ready

Volume II. The Fight Avails, 1941-43

BY DENIS RICHARDS AND
HILARY ST. G. SAUNDERS

The Far East. The U-Boat war and anti-shipping operations. The Western Desert, Malta, and Tunisia. The strategic bombing offensive. Sicily. The Invasion of Italy (with subsequent operations up to the fall of Rome, May 1944).

13s. 6d. By post 14s. 1d.

Ready in the Summer

Volume III. The Fight is Won, 1943-45

BY HILARY ST. G. SAUNDERS

Third impression printing

Volume I. The Fight at Odds, 1939-41

BY DENIS RICHARDS

The Early War Operations. Norway and France. The Battle of Britain and 'The Blitz'. The bombing of Germany. Air operations in the war at sea. The Mediterranean and the Middle East.

"preserves the spirit as well as the facts" *The Times*

"A record that will inspire every Briton" *Daily Express*

13s. 6d. By post 14s. 1d.

All volumes illustrated.

BRITAIN—

AN OFFICIAL HANDBOOK

A reference book with factual and statistical information about the United Kingdom, its people and its institutions.

10s. By post 10s. 7d.

SIERRA LEONE

BY ROY LEWIS

A companion volume to HONG KONG, in the Corona Library. A colourful picture of a little-known land by a widely-travelled economist and social historian.

"an intelligent guide book... independent, honest, and enjoyable." *The Spectator*

Illustrated.

25s. By post 25s. 7d.

NORTH-WEST EUROPE 1944-45

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF 21st ARMY GROUP

BY JOHN NORTH

A short military history of the Second World War for the general reader, presenting the story of the 21st (British) Army Group in the Allied invasion of north-west Europe and relating that story to the broad Allied picture.

"Portrait of a victorious British Army" *The Times*

Illustrated.

10s. 6d. By post 10s. 11d.

HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2; 423 Oxford Street, London W.1; (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1); 13A Castle Street, Edinburgh 2; 39 King Street, Manchester 2; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol 1; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast;

OR THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER

APRIL 29 1954

Smuts and Mr. Menzies, whose speeches form perhaps the most impressive feature of these volumes; by Mr. Savage's war broadcast declaring for New Zealand that: 'Where Britain goes, we go. Where she stands, we stand'; and by Mr. Fraser's celebrated definition of Dominion status as 'independence with some-

thing added', which is said to have come out of the cable office and been reproduced in the press in its better known and more epigrammatic form of 'independence plus'. Both these characteristic utterances are to be found here, but another by a still more famous figure is missing. Almost the only omission with which Professor Mansergh

might fairly be reproached is that he has not taken the opportunity to put on record the present Prime Minister's allocution to Senator Vandenburg on the subject of Commonwealth terminology: 'British Empire—or the Commonwealth of Nations. We have trade labels to suit all tastes'.

New Novels

Leopards and Lilies. By Alfred Duggan. Faber. 12s. 6d.

The Wheel. By Christopher Leach. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.

The Night of the Hunter. By Davis Grubb. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

THE mere sight of a historical novel is enough to raise the sceptic in me. This is odd, because there can be few readers more willing than I to suspend disbelief. Ford Madox Ford was surely and bitterly wrong when he said readers think it an insult that the novelist should dare to claim their attention. The insulted do not read novels. Only idiots and professional scholars open a book prepared to disbelieve from the first word, challenging the author to persuade them that what they are reading is true. I need no persuasion; all I ask is that the writer shall not dissuade me. Every novel fascinates me—for at least one sentence. So why should I jib at the historical novel? Why should I believe in three men in a tub or the flush that darkened Arachne's cheek, but growl when a novelist tells me Oliver Cromwell scratched his ear at such and such a time and place? Is it because only those who have really been alive can ever be dead and dead indeed, and I am more conscious of the puppet-master than of the puppets? I have a feeling the historical novelist is making things unnecessarily difficult for himself, since history is in the main an artistic disappointment. Art, as Lessing pointed out long ago, is more philosophical than history—which is another way of saying that historical truth may not be imaginative truth.

And now, having confessed my prejudice, I must also confess I found *Leopards and Lilies* entrancing. I don't know if it is historically accurate, but that is no concern of mine. What the soldier or any other man said is not critical evidence. Let textbooks be checked against the chronicles: the novel must be tested against the heart. And by that test this book is true. Mr. Duggan is a creator; the life he presents is urgent, not an objective record of how people lived seven centuries ago but a realisation of experience. And as such it speaks to us.

The setting is England in 1215, when the leopard, the emblem of the Angevins, flew in battle against the lilies of France. The novel takes us through nine years in the life of young Margaret FitzGerold, daughter of the King's Chamberlain. Mr. Duggan knows all about sceptics like myself who are stung to rebellion by the invented actions and speech of great personages; he wins us over by first insinuating the medieval atmosphere into our imagination, cleverly involving us in the lives of historically insignificant people, establishing a temporal mood, a living society, so that when his King John and William Marshall and Hubert de Burgh appear they slip into place naturally, since this, we have been persuaded, is the air they breathe, these the people they would have around them. Thus Margaret's life, when we meet her, begins quietly at her father's principal manor in Somerset, but she soon moves to a more public sphere through her marriage to a sickly nobleman. She experiences castle life—and so do we, vividly. After her husband's death she is caught up in the fighting and forced into marriage with Falkes de Brealte, a Norman mercenary, captain of King John's crossbows. As

Falkes fights his way to power and becomes one of the regency council appointed on the succession of Henry III, Margaret (and the reader) is brought close to the highest political intrigues.

The smooth presentation of this complicated material is evidence of sheer hard work, but it takes more than hard work to create characters as effective as Mr. Duggan's. You can see the dirt under their fingernails. What frankly astonished me is the way the author consistently gives his people thoughts and actions which, though convincingly human by our standards, are yet shaped by social relationships different from ours. This is not all. Not only are these thoughts and actions shaped by medieval circumstances and therefore help to persuade us that the characters are real people of their time and place; they are also used by the writer, as it were in reverse, to shape for us medieval society itself, to impress it on us by the means which strikes deepest into our understanding—psychological contrast. Mr. Duggan does abandon human relationships at times to list political developments which affect his characters, but the momentum of life carries us over these brief sections. In any case, these are never as dry as that awful history Alice used as a bath-towel. To me this block of years after 1215 will always, thanks to Mr. Duggan, be a bright patch in an otherwise hazy century; not a romantic patch but a living period, filled with the creak of saddle-leather and the smell of bodies in the Great Hall.

The Wheel tells the story of an ex-soldier who, having once glimpsed the desert from a troop-train, returns there after the war in search of freedom. His car breaks down; he is captured by Arabs and, ironically, chained to an oasis wheel, where he is forced to draw up buckets of water for passing travellers. After much suffering he is released by a family of dancers and goes back to civilisation. This is a first novel and, though passion and technique do not quite strike a balance until towards the end, I found it memorable. Interpolated chapters of introspection (the most successful parts of the book) reveal that what seems at first the personal dissatisfaction of a returned soldier is really the frustration of man not integrated in his world. Mr. Leach's hero is unnamed, a pronoun in the third person, and this, often so irritating, succeeds here as a device which identifies the reader with the action and also lends a film of abstraction to the hero's suffering, a dream-like universality. This man seeks the Way, how to live his own life, not the life disorganised for him by the cannibalism of love. Experience, teaches him that physical escape is a mirage; the ideal lies within.

Mr. Leach has given us a modern version of one of Rilke's favourite themes. This is no more plagiarised than one blade of grass is plagiarised from another. All works of art are, at our deepest levels, superimposed, and *The Wheel* is a work of art in its own right. But the similarity to the final section of Rilke's neglected masterpiece, *The Notebook for Malte*

Laurids Brigge, is remarkable. There Rilke describes the Prodigal Son as a man who leaves home because he does not want to be loved. Like Mr. Leach's hero, he feels he is being robbed of his personality by the affection of his friends, by the demands of society, by doing what is expected of him. He wants to be alone so that he may realise himself. The physical surface of the two symbols could not be more different, but the underlying significance is one. Then Mr. Leach's dancer, a splendid creation, the man who saves our hero from the wheel, is strongly Rilkean in spirit. He is everything the hero aspires to be—happily independent, content in his own life, productive, like the girl in Rilke's sonnet who spins in the dance until her movement resembles a solid object, a wall, a flowering tree, and we are at what Mr. Eliot calls 'the still point of the turning world', motion fixed in time and become timeless, the moment of truth arrested by the writer's persuasive gesture.

The Night of the Hunter is, in comparison, a most rumbustious affair. If you believe with Gorki that 'terror for the soul is like a Turkish bath for the body—most wholesome', then this is just your bathful of wholesomeness. It is also a beautiful example of narrative craftsmanship. Mr. Grubb has pitched his tent near the Faulkner claim, certainly within spitting distance of Yoknapatawpha County. It's a simple tale. Ben Harper, driven to desperation in the hungry 'thirties, robs a bank and kills two bank officials. Before he is caught and hanged he gives the money to his children, a boy aged nine and a girl of four, making them swear not to reveal the hiding place. After the execution a roving preacher comes to the town and eventually marries the widow. He is after the money and soon finds that the children know where it is. As he is a homicidal maniac with hellfire on his lips and a spring knife in his pocket this is where I leave you to read on. Once you've got this far you won't need encouragement from me.

The focal point of the story is the hidden money and all the strands of character and scene are controlled by its unseen presence. But this study in monomania never becomes monotonous. Mr. Grubb skilfully proves that the shortest literary distance between two points is never a straight line. He produces a fine structure of life, broad and deep, so credible that the exceptional events of his tale appear normal, since they occur to people who are manifestly natural, even when they are mad. There is nothing accidental or undesigned about this book; it is the work of a writer by vocation, a man in control. Mr. Grubb's manipulation of tension is masterly. He hides nothing; all the physical and spiritual elements in his story are exposed long before the end, but tension continues to mount. This thrilling novel loses nothing at a second reading, because Mr. Grubb is guided by an infallible and ancient maxim—that the cause is more interesting than the fact. And, when the facts are as gripping as they are in this book, that is to say a great deal.

IDRIS PARRY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Case for Criticism

THOSE OF US who delight in *The Times* fourth leaders ought occasionally to remember in fairness to the memory of Lord Northcliffe that we in particular are the legatees of his editorial



As seen by the viewer: two shots from 'Coracle Carnival' on April 21—making a net; and a farewell wave from the coracle men

Photographs: John Cura

genius. It was his insistent demand for 'something light' in the paper, during his stormy chief proprietorship, that gave us a kind of journalism which is rare in that it traffics in the topical and at the same time transcends it. A recent fourth-leader subject was television criticism: 'What is it like to be a television critic?'

The question was addressed more specifically to the newspaper critics of television, the power of whose opinions was considered to be ineffectual if not negative when compared with that of the older demi-gods of the profession, the theatre and film critics. I would join in doubting that the authority of any critic of television is important or even that it exists in so far as it influences the tastes of the majority



Malcolm Keen as Major-General the Earl of Cardigan in 'The Charge of the Light Brigade', the first of the series 'You Are There', on April 19

of viewers. A story told me by a friend from the Five Towns is not without its relevance here. At about this time a year ago an exile returned to Stoke-on-Trent after a long absence. Many of the houses in the streets most familiar to him had their blinds down. Fearing that there had been a local colliery disaster, he knocked at one of the houses to inquire. An angry voice from within bade him begone:

'Don't come banging about here! We're watching the Cup Final'. Having myself seen the forested aerials of the Burslem back streets, near by, I am under no delusion about the frustration awaiting the critic who thinks that his views of television matter greatly to the licence holders.

There was a point which the civilised

girding. And so to last week's programmes.

I forget whether we are now supposed to be subscribers to an unwritten law not to refer any more to nigger minstrels: at any rate, there was a coloured act of the music-halls in which the joke was often heard: 'Even if it was good I wouldn't like it. No, suh!' It came back to my mind as I watched the almost comically inept first 'You Are There' programme, on the charge of the Light Brigade. I am not invoking my former editorial dignity in saying that we were much amused. 'We' included some visiting viewers who are not set-owners and whose acquisitive sense in that respect appeared not to have been sharpened by what they saw. 'Well', they said, going good-naturedly before the required hour, 'we'll leave you to it. Good-night!'

Compassion does not often suffuse with glee. In the tones of my departing guests it did, uncomfortably. 'We' diminished right down to 'I'. Sitting there in the room, I felt shrivelled and lonely, a television martyr for whom that highly polished box in its corner, which in my sardonic moods has been seen as an official Punch



'The Conductor Speaks': André Kostelanetz with the Philharmonia Orchestra on April 19

scepticism of *The Times* fourth leader omitted to make. Criticism may pass over the viewers' heads but it has sometimes successfully insinuated itself into the intelligences of the television powers-that-be. The responsible television critics have had an undoubted effect in restraining the sillier exuberances of some producers. It is not necessary to particularise their triumphs. I should say that one of them was the much appreciated reform in the presentation of the nightly weather charts.

Information lately given me suggests that 'the trade', meaning the makers of and dealers in television sets, is vexed by the adverse trend of much recent press criticism of the programmes. That it naturally follows the notable falling off in the standard of subjects and production efficiency is apparently immaterial. From the same source I learn that we must expect, this spring, a campaign of public persuasion in favour of television, reproving the pessimists and insisting that British television programmes are the world's best. All this, be it said, in the name of better business rather than of better television. The inference for those of us who write about television is clear: better join-

and Judy show, looked in that moment like a forbidding new benefaction of the Welfare State, the top half of a free embalming outfit. As the over-eating schoolgirl in 'Itma' used to say so cosily, I am all right now.

Not that 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' can, or should, escape the penalty of critical comment. I saw in a *Radio Times* note that its producer had somewhat pedantically described it as 'an essay in controlled anachronism'. The result, for me, was uncontrolled laughter, much of it evoked by the sight of that excellent television actor, Clive Morton, sporting his Crimea cake-frills with marvellous stoicism in an unbelievably platitudinous character part. 'You Are There' is one of the most daring programme titles ever put on our screens. No newspaper headline was more shamelessly lush with exaggerated promise.

'Teleclub', in its educational parts, is an improving programme and possibly a constructive one. The coracle men of Cardigan and Carmarthen put on a fine show for us: excellent pictures. 'Indo-China' was more compelling listening than looking. 'About Britain' was about Stratford-on-Avon and sounded the

light note for St. George's Day. 'It's a Small World', on Sunday night, was thoroughly pleasing. I would gladly see it again.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Technical Itch

WHAT HAS BECOME of that interlude picture which showed a cornfield with a windmill sailing cheerfully round? I liked it so much I used to long for plays to break down in the middle. I still do. But nowadays all we get is a glum old paddle-wheel thing, a mill-wheel, I suppose, which turns most depressingly. Mary Malcolm came on again not a moment too soon to announce that instead of the wheel we would have a film. Then the interlude picture came on again instead and we heard a lot more light music; *no* film. Then Miss Malcolm again, followed, this time, by a film of Casals rehearsing at the Prades Bach festival. Just as he was beginning to play, a noise like a fire alarm sounded and we began the long-awaited, ten years out of date, American socialite comedy by S. N. Behrman, in which everyone had to talk with imaginary New York accents.

'No Time for Comedy', indeed—with such an introduction. Yet the truth is it was really rather enjoyable. And perhaps not so out of date after all. The fatuous self-dramatisings about whether or not one ought to leave 'all this' and go fight in Spain with the Loyalists were not quite unlike the current nonsense being talked about the hydrogen bomb; and as the tale of a moment when the creation of a new comedy might be thought impossible or immoral, the far off scene was not so unimaginable. Then there was quite stylish playing, started by Elisabeth Welch, continued by Frances Rowe, who discharged little impulses of wit throughout the evening and kept up a glorious pace. Stephen Murray did not, for me, so immediately fall into place, but he began to score points well in that hilarious scene of debunking the creative process wherein Amanda (Patricia Burke) and the sad would-be author of comedy drool about the beauty of listening to Schubert, while talking incessantly through the music, and then fall into thinking up a 'wonderful, wonderful idea' for the comedy which has been hanging fire in the dramatist's alcoholic dumps.

Really, Mr. Behrman, in these passages of guying the art of the playwright, is very funny indeed. Then the confrontations begin and there is even that unfailing laughter-raiser on Broadway, that most ridiculous of human mistakes, an English gent, to which caricature Mr. Trubshawe put the finishing, slaying touches with his nervous movements to cuff, bow tie, and monster Guards moustache.

This production by Leonard Brett might easily have gone off the boil but kept bubbling quite well. One knew all the time that it was not really working out as high comedy, yet one responded (or shall I drop the pretence of mass reaction and say that I responded?) with amusement. If I had been in a theatre I would have laughed. But we do not behave at home as we do in theatres. Which is hard, sometimes, on the Drama Department, but may at other times save it unpleasantness. On the whole, then, I did not long for an interlude picture to break in, though apart from Miss Rowe, with her witty face, there was nothing exceptional to look at, and indeed Amanda's apartment with its very creaky and stiff library door looked just horrid.

But talking of behaviour in the theatre and of libraries, I trust it is not too late to go back to the Pirandello. ('Oh', said someone, 'I thought you said "Six characters in search of an author"'.) Of course this was made memorable as so many other, but not enough, plays are by Mary Morris, with her exceptional attack and



Ralph Michael as the father and Mary Morris as the step-daughter in 'Six Characters in Search of an Author', from the Library Theatre, Manchester, on April 20

magnetism. It also had a special importance because in this case, for the first time, a television production was going to be used for the remainder of the week, or longer, as the current attraction at a repertory theatre. This reversed the usual process whereby a current success from a 'rep.' is televised, perhaps at the end of the run. What one now wants to know is whether this preview brought a stampede to the box office or kept the potential audience away in droves—feeling, no doubt, that they had seen it all already. The theatre in question was the Library Theatre in Manchester, and as it is a very small theatre perhaps the answer is not easily come by. Still, it seems important.

In any case, the play strikes me as a good choice: dull must be of soul who, having once seen it and failed, as one does first time to get the full flavour, would not want to give it a second try. A more fascinating bit of dabbling with the problems of 'reality' and appearance one cannot quickly think of. I wish I could call this the best production I have seen. But possibly the television screen is the worst place for playing a practical and macabre joke on the art of the theatre. Royston Morley tried hard to get us well into the feeling of that 'place of illusion' so disillusioning when we visit it for a morning rehearsal. We tracked in from the street outside following the producer and experiencing *with* him. But a cleverly cut film would have done it better, and I don't think the disturbing double illusion of these 'stagey' characters interrupting into the disillusioned atmosphere of the rehearsal was really very powerfully managed. A small point: the entry of six personages seemed to me unmagical, quite with-

out the spine-chilling effect I have known it to have. But perhaps in the actual performance, when the auditorium was full, it did tighten the scalp with more than mere curiosity.

The climax, however, came off well. Mary Morris' laugh will long echo in my memory. Her performance, all through, though like everyone else she was a bit unsteady on her lines here and there, was exceptionally vivid and impressive. Ralph Michael as the guilty 'father' was less clear than I had hoped. But some of his long explanations with the 'producer' (well done by Bernard Warwick) came off well. Peter Lambert, Yolande Healy, and Joan Heath are others I remember. Perhaps we could have it again, when the run comes off.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Explorers' Club

TOWARDS THE END of the eighteenth century a resolute explorer descended a Cornish tin mine until, at a great depth, he 'saw two figures that hardly wore the appearance of human beings, singing at their work'. Down in the rich Maugham mine, producers are still singing at their work, discovering unexpected ore. The latest radio-play (Home), a version of an early novel, 'Mrs. Craddock', set in the Blackstable-Tercanbury region, is about one of the most exasperating young women I recall. Bertha, from the 'county', is determined to wed; and, having duly wedded a stolid gentleman-farmer, Edward Craddock—all this, it should be explained, is more than fifty years ago—she spends her life in a prolonged wail. We regret the loss of her child; otherwise she seems to need several hours a day in hedging and ditching, anything to free her from an obsession that her husband does not love her.

Agreed, he is an awkward type, conventional to the bone, quite unimaginative, tone-deaf. But when Bertha is throwing tantrums about nothing in particular, and letting her own imagination rip, we sympathise with Edward. 'Don't get in a wax!' he implores; and Bertha moves promptly from wax to wax, each longer than the last. Happily, she sees in the end that Aunt Polly is right in suggesting that it is better to go along with the herd; it may be dull, but it is safe. This piece, adapted by Gilbert Travers Thomas, appears in retrospect to be much better



'No Time for Comedy' on April 25, with (left to right) Frances Rowe as Linda Esterbrook, Patricia Burke as Amanda, and Michael Trubshawe as Makepeace Lovell



*to
designers
for
industry*

Industrial Designers and Managers of Design Departments may like to know that in the B.I.P. Group there is a department that can be considered complementary to their own organisation. In the development of a new product or the modernisation of a well-tried one, the thought may arise at some stage "Can plastics help us here?" This is the point at which it is a good idea to consult our Product and Mould Design Service. Staffed with technicians and draughtsmen who are specialists in all sides of plastics and plastics moulding, it is in a strong position to help in a practical and unbiased way.



The most comprehensive service in plastics

BEETLE UREA AND MELAMINE MOULDING POWDERS • BEETLE POLYESTER RESINS • BEETLE RESINS FOR
THE PAPER, PAINT, TEXTILE, WOODWORKING AND FOUNDRY INDUSTRIES • MOULDING TOOLS AND PRESSES
BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD., 1 Argyll Street, London, W.1

a whole than when considered bit by bit. As contribution to Maughamiana it must be the adow of a shade; but it is a shadow that still ushes across the mind, thanks largely to the thor's interest in Mrs. Craddock, and to the rformances of Wendy Hiller, unsparingly curate as Bertha, and of Emrys Jones as the niable Edward. At the end he muses, in effect: When I look back on all the rumpuses we used have, 'pon my soul, I wonder what they were about'. Archie Campbell's production cluded a brisk chatter-storm of a party.

The main trouble with 'The Women of rachis' (Third), Ezra Pound's version of the Trachiniae, is that Mr. Pound so seldom sings his work. If, tuning into the Third by cident on Sunday, I had overheard Beatrix chmann observing 'Do dirt to others, but on't weasel to me', I should have assumed it as another night out with the guys and dolls. Mr. Pound is bent upon putting Sophocles ough the mincer, and he does. This—though wait for correction—is possibly the first verion of the 'Trachiniae' in which the dying Herakles has said: 'Now I find that I'm a issy'. Norman Shelley, suffering from the shirt of Nessus (and 'too sick to be pestered with ouble-talk') drove along the part forcibly, getting into a grim wax: it was not his fault that this version—Mr. Pound conducting Sophocles across the Bowery—became tire- somely raucous.

Now and then the translator stops being ough; certain of the choruses find the word hat rings instead of thumps. Whenever we heard Joan Hart's voice we were in the Sophoclean ountry. As an experiment in shock tactics, the affair had its challenging interest, and I daresay, that some of the Poundian pronouncements will reach an anthology of invective. In the circum- stances, we must obey the order of Herakles to his son: 'Put some cement in your face, re- inforced concrete, make a cheerful finish, even if you don't want to'. D. G. Bridson produced the play loyally; Christopher Sykes looked after the choruses; and there was helpful music by John Hotchkis. Pagett, M.P., we remember, had 'a practical working knowledge of "solar myths" in his head'. Mr. Pound is similarly myth-conscious in 'The Women of Trachis', but it is hard to follow him.

I cannot bear to think what Henry James, centre of Michael Innes' 'A Call at Bly' (Third), would have made of pounded Sophocles. For Jamesians, especially for readers of 'The Turn of the Screw', Mr. Innes' loving jest, with James calling at Bly to be told by the grown-up Miss Flora, 'What very strange and very diffi- cult ideas you have', is wickedly sharp. True, it is an esoteric explorers'-club joke. But every- one, initiated or not, must have been happy when James (Carleton Hobbs), after wakeful argument about his 'irresponsible fiction', found himself in dream at Bly, an oddly matter-of-fact Bly. There he remarked: 'I do, Miss Flora, begin, all glimmeringly, to see'.

As Alan Kennington's 'Odd Boy Out' (Home) proceeded, we began, all glimmeringly, to discern familiar landmarks. Even so, we did want to know what would happen to the wrong kind of head master of the wrong kind of prep. school; Raymond Huntley had studied the fellow's deplorable boom ('You men!'). I ventured again into dangerous territory in 'Life with the Lyons' (Light). This time the theme was lawn-mowers, and the Lyons frolicked according to plan, although they ought to examine the script for such repartee as 'Your sister's in a mess'—'Did you say "in" or "is"?' This and much else should have been cut with a mower, or with the 'roaring great sword' that—according to Mr. Pound's Herakles—was used by Daianaira.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Face of England

THE B.B.C. HAS PRESENTED Britain to us British in a variety of ways. Their cellars are stocked with bottled bird-song, bottled sea-water (in its audible aspects) and various bottled noises of our beasts and agricultural implements new and old, all of them bottled by Ludwig Koch and other experts at their respective *châteaux*—or, I should say, country-houses; and these, when decanted and poured into our ears, are more immediately evocative than any other device. But even in these days of supersonic speeds and bursting sound-barriers, there are still, thank Heaven, more things than noise in Britain that meet the ear and, for such, the clumsy device of language must still be used for those of us who are not televisionaries. I remember a programme of some years ago, for which, I think, Stephen Potter was wholly or partly responsible, in which a primitive patch of England (don't ask me its name or locality) was so vividly presented by mere description eked out by a few country sounds that it remains in my mind as a place actually visited.

Nature reserves and field-study centres in various parts of the country have nowadays collected much information on geology, climate, animal and vegetable life, human activities, and in general the ecology of a district, and recently we have had five programmes called 'The Pattern in Nature' on Malham Tarn, Beinn Eighe in the Highlands, and other places, in which a botanist, geologist, zoologist, and suchlike pundits have described the special features of the area. Listeners who expected to be provided with a free outing to these favoured spots will have been disappointed, since the programmes did not set out to describe the scene but simply a few aspects—geological, botanical, and so on—of the area. They were, to put it flatly, humdrum. But the humdrum can be very enjoyable and I enjoyed these broadcasts. In at least one of them, it's true, I seemed to catch the botanist suppressing any reference to his rare flowers, but, I reflected, if he had boasted about them they would have become not merely rarer but extinct in a single season.

Last week W. G. Hoskins, Reader in Economic History at Oxford, began a group of five talks called 'The Anatomy of the English Countryside' in which he will describe 'how man has clothed the geological skeleton during the comparatively recent past'. His first talk was called 'Ordeal by Planning' and I found it enthralling. In it Dr. Hoskins described the gradual transformation of our countryside, through changing politics, laws, and agricultural methods, from compact villages of cottages and farms surrounded by hedgeless fields to the days when the eighteenth-century Enclosure Act compelled every owner of land to surround his property with a hedge and ditch. After this many farm-houses were built away from the village in the middle of the enclosure. Some of such farms still retain humorous names such as Botany Bay, New York, Guadeloupe, which bear witness to their exile from the village. In many districts these enclosures were cut up into small fields of ten acres or so, a size which gave the best control of grazing, and these fields were fenced by hawthorn hedges between posts and rails. All this fencing caused the wholesale felling of woodlands. Clumps of trees and little woods disappeared and the familiar hawthorn-hedges or the north-country drystone walls produced a new landscape. Those who, like me, live in the country can see it changing still under mechanised farming, a visible record of changing times. Dr. Hoskins is an excellent broadcaster and I look forward to the four remaining talks of this delightful series. Its start in the week that included St. George's Day and Shakespeare's

birthday was a most appropriate choice or accident.

The Light Programme celebrated St. George's Day (in my department) with a short anthology, beautifully read by Michael Hordern, called 'For Ever England', a well-chosen blend of prose and verse, the prose from Belloc, John Hunt (of Everest), and Sassoon; the poetry from Browning, Shakespeare, and Dylan Thomas. Very English, too, was a story on the Home Service, written and read by Vicars Bell, called 'Fred on Cricket'. This was no story in the technical sense. It simply recorded the views of Fred, an old villager, on cricket, ancient and modern, as played by the village team, purveyed in conversation with the author. I am not an adept at south-country dialects, but I should guess Fred to have been a Wiltshire man, or thereabouts, and Mr. Bell presented him convincingly both in accent and style.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

A Good Girl Makes Good

VIRTUE, HOWEVER ESTIMABLE in itself, is apt to prove a dull subject for art. It is the bad girls, the Manons and Carmens, who make the grade, while the Micaelas and Agathes, except when they are singing 'Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante' or 'Leise, leise', seem insipid blonde bores. So Piccinni's 'La buona figliuola' of which we have just had two performances, started off under a triple handicap. There was the handicap of its age and conventions, which include a great leisureliness of movement, the eighteenth century being in no hurry, very wisely, to get on to the next thing. There was the usual handicap, which especially affects *opera buffa*, of the action being invisible. And there was the fact that the heroine is blessed, if blessing it be, with the kind of mouth in which butter just won't melt.

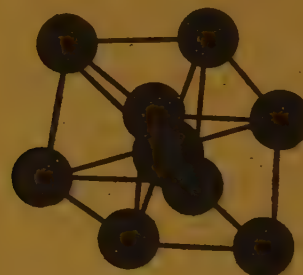
Yet, despite these disadvantages, I found the opera very delightful, provided one made up one's mind that it wasn't going to be exciting and that the characters would hardly ever pretend to be real human beings. Whenever 'La buona figliuola' is mentioned, surprise is expressed at the enormous success it achieved—Mr. Blom last week called it 'amazing'. But having heard it, I am not so astonished. We are apt to forget nowadays, when Opera is High Art to be reverently attended in silence, darkness and all solemnity, that 200 years ago it was the main, indeed the only, form of entertainment in Italy. The public actually enjoyed it, if it were good, and very rightly hissed it off the stage if they didn't like it. They liked Piccinni's opera, and no wonder! Many of the songs, for instance Cecchina's in the second scene of the first act, are quite enchanting. It is no more surprising that they should have had a tremendous vogue than that the melodies of 'The Chocolate Soldier' or 'The Arcadians' should have set us all whistling in our youth. If there was a scent *alla Cecchina*, was there not also a 'Merry Widow' hat?

Enjoyment was due to a spirited performance under the direction of Charles Mackerras with Elsie Morison and Margaret Ritchie fluting and twittering like a pair of nightingales, so that Effects Department's frequent mechanical bird-songs seemed superogatory. Dennis Noble, as the German soldier, who is after all only the boastful Captain of the Comedy of Masks (*alias* Ancient Pistol) with a Teutonic accent, had the most colourful part to play and made the most of his opportunities.

On Easter Monday the second of the public concerts given by the Third Programme in order to introduce large works by contemporary composers, contained as its *pièce de résistance* Matyas Seiber's cantata 'Ulysses'. I do not

olivetti

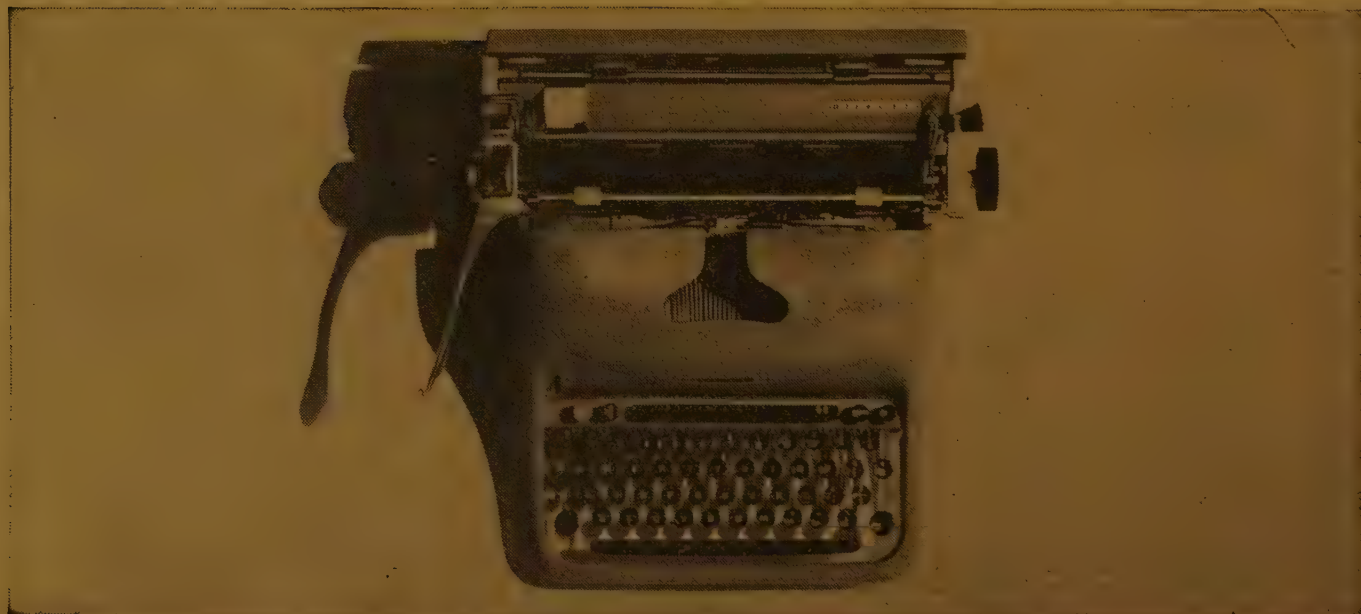
*leading manufacturers
of office machines
in Europe.*



The steel used in the manufacture of all Olivetti products is subjected to the most exacting laboratory tests and the precision of every component is guaranteed through all the manufacturing stages. From design to the finished machine, the best materials and skilled workmanship combine to ensure a product of lasting efficiency.

Olivetti Lexikon

An office typewriter
of entirely new design
and superior workmanship



Made in Great Britain by **BRITISH OLIVETTI Ltd.**

10 Berkeley Square - London W 1

FACTORY: Summerlee Street - Glasgow E 3

Authorized dealers throughout the country

ow whether to the Hungarian imagination it makes some specially strong appeal. It was tainly the subject which inspired some of tók's most beautiful and original inventions. is the subject also of the pages from James ce's novel, which has evoked in this cantata sic as fascinating and melodious as the nous sentence with which it opens: 'The ventree of stars hung with humid nightblue it'. Like Schönberg among composers and casso among painters, Joyce was not always elligible immediately, and sometimes was not elligible at all. But when they succeeded not erely in inventing new language, or music, or torial forms, but in communicating their aning to their readers, audience, or spectators, w rich and wonderful is the illumination they

shed! The radiance of Joyce's prose is marvellously translated into terms of music by Seiber, who, being more of a poet and less of a doctrinaire than Schönberg, handles the 'twelve-note' system like an artist and not like a calculating-machine.

Coupled with 'Ulysses' was a masterly performance by Rudolf Serkin of Beethoven's Fourth Pianoforte Concerto, in which he was finely supported by the L.P.O. under Hans Rosbaud's direction. This pianist combines majestic power with great sensibility and a command of beautiful tone, so that the grandeur of the first movement and the sublime poetry of the second, and especially the passage which links it to the exhilarating finale, were fully realised.

Another excellent concerto-performance was given on Wednesday by Clifford Curzon who played Mozart's C minor (K.491) with finely chiselled phrasing. He was accompanied by the B.B.C. Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz. In the same programme was Arthur Bliss' dignified 'Processional' and Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony, whose special character seems to have eluded the conductor. We heard the notes, but not the ideas behind them. Nor, rather surprisingly, did Mahler's Fifth fare better on Saturday night. Tauter handling was needed to save this anyhow lugubrious work (characteristically composed in the year of the composer's happy marriage) from sounding desultory and disjointed.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Dallapiccola and the Twelve-note Method

By COLIN MASON

'Il Prigioniero' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.10 p.m. on Monday, May 3

IN an article on the genesis of his 'Canti di Prigionia' and of his one-act opera 'Il Prigioniero', published in the New York *Musical Quarterly* last July, Dallapiccola dealt mainly with the reasons for his preoccupation with the theme of imprisonment. He interestingly explained his purpose in doing so in his last paragraph, where he wrote: 'I purposely have not dealt with technical matters in this article, for I wanted to devote it almost entirely to retelling episodes of my life. Such episodes will seem to the reader perhaps very distant in time and told with great naivety. What I wrote, I wrote with the hope of convincing people that even a composer very much in sympathy with the twelve-note technique is not a person detached from life, but one who, like every man, lives his own life with many sorrows and some joy'.

There are, however, some references to technical matters, which provide a secondary theme running through the article: Dallapiccola's concern with the problem of making his music understood. Discussing the 'Canti di Prigionia', he mentions his idea of linking them with a fragment of the *Dies irae*, and continues: 'Furthermore, in utilising the fragment of the *Dies irae* I saw the possibility of being more easily understood. . . . In order to be "understood", I felt that it was in no wise necessary to have recourse to the tonality of C major'. Later he writes: 'One day, in a mood of Galgenhumor, I wrote the "Sonatina Canonica" su "Capricci" di Niccolò Paganini, in a way as proof that, while in "Sex Carmina Alcaei" I had dealt with problems associated with twelve-note music, I was able to write in regular tonality, using a stated theme'.

The defensive tone in all this is clearly induced by a feeling of need to refute the widely held belief that the twelve-note method of composing is merely a refuge for the unoriginal, unimaginative, and uninventive, an entirely mechanical and cerebral activity, incompatible with spontaneous feeling or inspiration. But Dallapiccola's sensitivity is mainly vicarious. Since the war, several twelve-note composers, including himself, and with them the validity of the general principle of this method of composing, have been accepted by a wider audience. Now it is not the method that is attacked, only its inventor Schönberg—and not so much for inventing it as for the lack of that imagination with which successors such as Berg and Dallapiccola, by using it with greater freedom and making it yield the real music that he could never produce from it, have been able to justify it. They have, of course, done nothing of the

kind. The twelve-note method is no longer Schönberg's method, as indeed it has never been since others began to use it—even his immediate disciples Berg and Webern. Schönberg's persisting inaccessibility, and the acceptance of Dallapiccola, have nothing to do with imagination, only with the differences in their use of note-rows.

The greatest difference is that, unlike Schönberg's, Dallapiccola's note-rows are, to a keen-eared listener, actually audible as such throughout a work, partly because he uses them more frequently in their melodic forms, and, more important, because in either harmonic or melodic form he uses them as themes. In Schönberg the row is simply the tonal key to the work, and although all the themes are derived from it, it has no existence of its own as a thematic entity. In order to be able to use his note-rows in this way, Dallapiccola has to make them distinctive and memorable, which again is no part of Schönberg's method. When he uses them as song tunes, as in the guard's strophic aria 'Sull' Oceano, sulla Schelda', in Scene 2 of 'Il Prigioniero', which is the central section of the opera, and was, he has said, his first clear musical idea for the work, his native gift of vocal melody suffices. But just as this gift is evident also in the note-rows that are not measured tunes, so this tune exemplifies certain of the structural characteristics by which he makes his less tune-like rows in the opera memorable.

These characteristics are best heard in the six bars at the first occurrence of the word *Fratello*, which plays such an important part in the work. The prisoner tells his mother of his joy at hearing the guard utter it—'Fratello'. *Dolcissima parola che mi diede ancor fiducia nella vita*'. The second part of this ('che mi diede . . .') is sung to a sequence of widening intervals alternately rising and falling from the initial G sharp to D flat above and D natural below—a striking symmetrical phrase, immediately echoed in inversion by the mother, impressing it more deeply on the memory. The first half ('Fratello'. *Dolcissima parola*) is set to two three-note phrases in the vocal part, one rising, in consecutive semitones, the other falling, a semitone followed by a minor third, accompanied in the orchestra by minor common chords on B and C. These bars exemplify two features of Dallapiccola's handling of note-rows: one his tendency to divide them into three or four groups, harmonic or melodic, of four or three notes each, similarly or identically shaped (i.e., the two minor triads); and the other his fondness for the interval of the minor third, which is prominent in almost every note-row in the work.

These two traits can be heard together very strikingly in the opening bar of the opera, in which the twelve notes are presented in three four-note chords, the first two identically constructed and the third differing only in the position of one note. All three contain two superimposed minor thirds, constituting a diminished triad, followed by one other interval above or below (a perfect fourth or a perfect fifth). Dallapiccola particularly favours this kind of formation. It occurs frequently throughout the opera, and its significance for him may be guessed from his introduction at the end of the opera, when the prisoner is led to 'liberation', of a quotation common to all three of the earlier 'Canti di Prigionia', consisting of a section based on an almost identical sequence of notes, a diminished triad followed by a minor sixth.

All this may seem to the lay reader unduly technical, but it is closely relevant to Dallapiccola's anxiety to be more widely understood. Although not used 'tonally', the frequent successions of minor thirds and diminished triads inevitably have 'tonal' associations, and form familiar musical concepts to help the listener. But these are not so important as the division of the note-rows into repeated identical or similar melodic and harmonic formations, and the thematic use of them, by which Dallapiccola contrives to provide the listener very quickly with familiar concepts within his own musical terms. He realised that by means of this familiarisation-by-repetition he could communicate quickly even in the twelve-note method with the ordinary listener. He is not alone in his realisation of this, and several other composers using a technique derived from Schönberg, such as Frank Martin, have moved in the same direction, some even further than he, notably Rolf Liebermann, who composes extended works based on the minimum of thematic material, sometimes reducible to a single chord. Together with them, Dallapiccola is one of the most popular composers in Europe today.

The irony of this, of which, with his awareness of the problems of reaching an audience, he must be finely conscious, is that he has won this general acceptance for his music, and helped to win it for a method of composition formerly held to be entirely mechanical and unspontaneous, by making it doubly mechanical and exposing the mechanism for all to hear. And perhaps one of the reasons for his reluctance to deal with technical matters in discussing these works was that if he had done so he would not have known how to keep the wry grin out of his writing.

Little time to spare?



**WHY NOT
AN 8-DAY
CRUISE**

**IN THE 30,000 ton
LINER "ARCADIA"**

**To LISBON and CASABLANCA
from Southampton, July 3.**

Fares from £41 First Class

P&O

14-16 COCKSPUR ST., S.W.1 • Tel: WHItchall 4444

122 LEADENHALL ST., E.C.3 • Tel: AVenue 8000

OR YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT

The development of Carpet Design

An entirely new lecture dealing with the construction and design of carpets from the earliest known Oriental specimens to the latest products of British Industry.

ILLUSTRATED BY A FILMSTRIP IN FULL COLOUR



Programme organisers in men's and women's clubs and societies of all kinds are invited to apply to the Department of Education

of the International Wool Secretariat for full details of the lecture service and a complete list of the subjects available.

No Charges Filmstrip Projector provided by Lecturer

Enquiries to The Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18/20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

E. 72

Banking and YOUR JOB...



*"I'm
in
Textiles."*

Nowhere is the bright thread of invention seen in the fabric of industry more noticeably than in the manufacturing of textiles. New processes and improvements are constantly being evolved, new materials produced creating new markets and stimulating demand.

At every stage, through manufacturer and merchant, exporter or wholesaler down to the retailer, Martins Bank has had a long experience of the industry, and will welcome approaches regarding your financial problems if you are "in Textiles".

We invite you to call in at our nearest branch and discuss your problem with the manager. You will find both understanding and friendliness.



MARTINS BANK LIMITED

London District Office: 68 Lombard Street, E.C.3

HEAD OFFICE: WATER ST., LIVERPOOL 2

Total Assets (as at 31st December 1953) £359,885,065



**VISION OR SOUND
BETTER RECEPTION
IS ASSURED WITH AN**

AERIALITE Aerial



TELEVISION

Remember your T/V set can only give you a good picture if you have an efficient aerial fitted. That is why it pays to buy an Aerialite aerial such as the Dublex (as supplied to the B.B.C.), Unex or Aerfringe models. Moderately priced with high electrical performance combined with lasting service. See that your T/V receiver is fitted with an Aerialite aerial.



**YOUR AERIAL'S RIGHT IF IT'S AN AERIALITE
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE TODAY!**

showing full range of Aerialite aerials and accessories. (Please send 3d. in stamps).



RADIO

These aerials ensure that you get the best reception from your radio set. There are models for interference free reception and inexpensive Anomast and Trapeze aerials from 10/- Aerialite aerial wire is all copper and weatherproofed and moderately priced at 25 ft. 2/3; 50 ft. 4/-; 100 ft. 7/6. Make sure your radio set gives you all those stations you want—fit an Aerialite aerial.



AERIALITE LTD.
STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

'OVEN-FRIED' FISH

HERE IS a suggestion for a rather unfamiliar way of cooking fish. It might really be called frying in the oven because, although baked, it has the appearance of fried fish when it comes out. This way of cooking is quite simple, and you can use it for small or large fillets or for small, whole fish—herrings, for instance. All you have to do is to see that the fish is not more than an inch thick, and your oven must be very hot when you put the fish in, 500 to 550 degrees Fahrenheit. The hot oven is most important, or you will not get the proper result.

First of all, grease a baking tin of the right size to hold the fish, and grease it well. Now mix some milk and salt—a level teaspoon-and-a-half of salt to a teacup of milk is about right. When the salt has dissolved, dip the fish in the mixture, and then roll them in finely sieved, white breadcrumbs, so that they are coated all over. Now put them into the baking-dish, side by side; they must not be on top of each other. Melt some margarine, or use salad oil if you would rather—about a tablespoon for each pound of fish—sprinkle this over the breadcrumbs, and bake in that very hot oven for ten to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the fish. Do not turn the fish. It is not necessary as you have greased the tin well, and they will get the browning heat from the bottom as well as the top. The crumbs ought by then to be crisp and brown, and, if you have done it properly, the fish should taste exactly as if it had been fried in deep fat, with no extra greasiness and no smell, either.

I wonder how many people do anything else with scallops but eat them in a white sauce with browned crumbs on top. Rather dull, unless

you are a real scallop-fan, as I am. Let me suggest that you try them like this. Do not cook them first, but use them raw, and after trimming off the black bits and the hard little bit at the edge of the white part, cut the white across in two or three slices, so that you have two or three circles instead of one, and leave the orange-coloured part whole, or in halves lengthways if it is very large. Then season with salt and pepper, roll in flour, and either fry them on each side in a little margarine or egg-and-breadcrumb them and fry them in deep fat. It is a revelation. Better still, you can stick the pieces of raw scallop on skewers alternately with pieces of raw bacon—very mild or green bacon is the best—and slices of raw mushroom, dip the skewers in melted margarine, and grill or bake them very slowly until the bacon is done, when the scallops will be done, too. I am not sure that that is not the best way of all.

AMBROSE HEATH

MAKING AN AIRING CUPBOARD

If you have not a circulating hot-water system—or if you do not use it during the summer but do want an airing cupboard for the linen—there are electric heaters of varying designs specially made for this purpose: tubular heaters, for instance, or a sort of square, panel heater which just warms up sufficiently for the airing of the linen but which will not even scorch a bit of paper left resting against it. Any cupboard can be made into an airing cupboard by installing one of these heaters and then altering the shelves from solid ones to slatted; to allow the warm air to circulate.

All airing cupboards ought to be ventilated

both at top and bottom. The best way to do this is to fit little grid ventilators in the upper and lower panels of the door. You can get these at the ironmongers.

W. P. MATTHEW

Notes on Contributors

WILLIAM PICKLES (page 720): Senior Lecturer in Political Science, London School of Economics

PAUL STIRLING (page 721): Assistant Lecturer in Social Anthropology, London School of Economics

MAX GLUCKMAN (page 724): Professor of Social Anthropology, Manchester University, since 1949; author of *The Barotse Native Authorities*, *Essays on Lozi Land and Royal Property*, etc.

AUSTEN ALBU (page 729): M.P. (Labour) for Edmonton since 1948; a former works manager; Deputy Director of the British Institute of Management, 1948

THE VERY REV. DR. CYRIL ALINGTON (page 731): Headmaster, Eton College, 1916-33; Headmaster, Shrewsbury School, 1908-16; author of *A Dean's Apology*, etc.

W. G. HOSKINS (page 732): Reader in Economic History, Oxford University; author of *Devon, Essays in Leicestershire History*, etc.

A. P. d'ENTRÈVES (page 734): Serena Professor of Italian Studies, Oxford University, since 1946; author of *Dante as a Political Thinker*, etc.

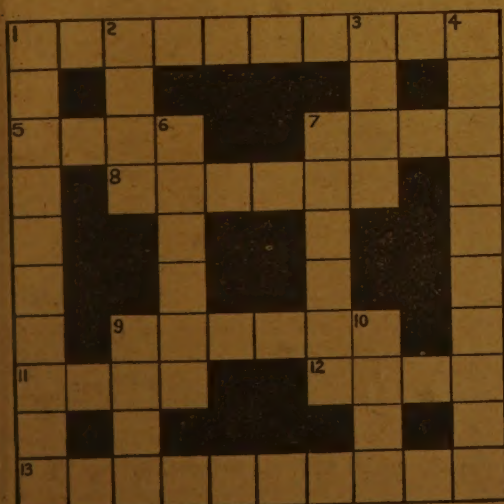
ALEXANDER J. HALPERN (page 736): General Secretary of the Russian Provisional Government, 1917

Crossword No. 1,252.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, May 6

QUOT and QUOTIMAL may be defined by the relation ten is to quot as decimal is to quotimal. The quotimal point is used throughout the system. The fractions shown in the clues are expressed in the



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Quotimals.

By Trand

scale of ten, but they have to be evaluated in the appropriate quotimal system. They are all pure recurring, of period indicated. Some begin with 0. Thus 1/7 (6.) might lead to 142857 (in the scale of ten) or it might lead to 010212 (in the scale of three), and there are other possibilities. No points are to be entered in the diagram.

The largest quot used is 8, and no two lights are the same.

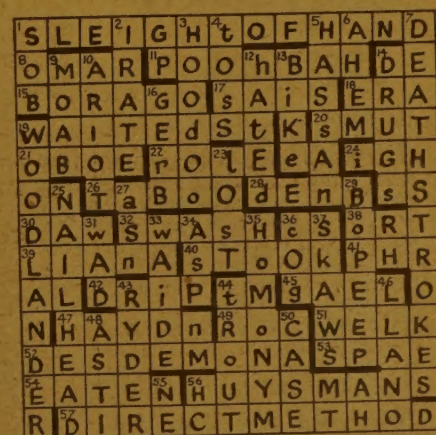
CLUES—ACROSS

1. 1/11 (10)
5. 2/13 (4)
7. 7/37 (4)
8. 5/7 (6)
9. 1/7 (6)
11. 3/5 (4)
12. 14/17 (4)
13. 3/11 (10)

DOWN

1. 1/11 (10)
2. 6/13 (4)
3. 15/17 (4)
4. 7/11 (10)
6. 4/13 (6)
7. 5/13 (6)
9. 2/37 (4)
10. 4/5 (4)

Solution of No. 1,250



NOTES

The title suggests a fold of sheep. Toss is 4D; reading the word up brings us to the square marked 4. The more obvious diamond route from here reads THIS IS THE WAY THEY DID NOT GO: the correct spiral route in lower-case letters reads this is ok go on inwards ten cotswolds.

Across: 1. Beerbohm's Zuleika Dobson: Half the doings (anag). 8. O. Khayyam. 'Who is the Potter... who the Pot?'. 15. Bora-go(ne). 21. Hautboy. 26. Joshua, Ch. VII. 28-24. Stanley. 'Dr. L. I presume'. 30. Colour of jackdaw's egg. 32. Swash (buckler). 39. Tropical woody climber. 45. Gaumbriel. 47. Oxf. Comp. to Mus. P. Scholes. 51. (Wh)elk. 52. back-room = moor: 'Othello' I. iii. 91. 56. H-u-Y-s-M-a-N-s. 57. Do credit them (anag.).

Down: 1. Bos(cage). 3. Pun on 'who do'. 5. H-ass-an. 9. Jeremiah, Ch. XLVIII 10. Ch-ariot-er. 16-18A. See any seedsman's catalogue. 19. Hardy: *The Woodlanders*. 33. Wai(wolde). 34-38A. A sport. 36. Incog. 44. Mayfly. 46. Steppe. 48. Sparking w-ne: B-ast-on.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: F. Hudd (Hastings); 2nd prize: J. Brasier (Banbury); 3rd prize: C. L. Barham (Farnham).

POSTAL TUITION FOR THE

G.C.E.

(GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION)

—the certificate that opens the door to ANY career. If sufficient subjects are taken the G.C.E. is the hall-mark of a good general education, the first step to a degree, and exempts from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894) provides efficient postal tuition for the General Certificate Examinations of London, Oxford, Cambridge, the Northern Universities, and others. Moderate fees, payable by instalments. Write for **PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE51.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**Be a Master of English**

You are judged by the way you speak and write.

Improve your English quickly by post—the Regent Institute way. Many students say that the moderate fee charged for the Effective English Course is the best investment they have ever made. The tuition is so planned that you make noticeable progress within a few hours.

Post this advertisement to-day to The Regent Institute (Dept. Y/391A), Palace Gate, London, W.8—enclosing 2d. stamp—for an interesting 15-Minute Test (with key) and "Word Mastery" (the prospectus)—without obligation.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Ordinary Writing at Shorthand Speed

Dutton Speedwords, the new fast-writing system which employs ordinary letters instead of signs, can be used for rapid note-taking from the first hour of study. Much used as a practical time-saver by busy executives and professional people. Can be typed or written at 100-120 words per minute. Ordinary matter averages only two letters per word, and Speedwords can be used for all languages. Completely learned in 8 lessons needing only 20 hours study. Warmly commended by G. Bernard Shaw and Prof. Hogben.

or Shorthand by May 29

Less than one hour a day of fascinating spare time study will give you mastery of all the rules of streamlined Dutton Shorthand by May 29 if you act promptly. There is then nothing new to learn and regular practice builds up speeds to 150-200 words a minute. Thousands have made good with Dutton—it's so easy to learn, easy to write, easy to read.

FREE Test Lesson

Tear out this advt., send it with name and address and 2d. stamp for full details and free lesson, stating clearly which interests you (enclose 5d. if both desired). Special Air Mail courses available for overseas students.

The Dutton School, Dept. L.N.23, 92-93 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1

KOREA
100,000
ORPHANS

MIDDLE EAST
850,000
UPROOTED

FOOD &
CLOTHES
URGENT

EUROPE
12 MILLION
STILL
REFUGEES

PLEASE BEFRIEND A FORGOTTEN FAMILY

*Remember especially the
children and old people*

GREECE—
EARTHQUAKE
LEAVES MANY
HOMELESS

BERLIN
MANY FLEE
FROM EAST

Homeless... cold... destitute. This is the sad lot of thousands uprooted by war or persecution. Will you help lift the load of suffering from one family by letting us express your goodwill for them?

GIVE 10/- TO SEND FOOD OR SUFFICIENT CLOTHING FOR ONE FAMILY

Your gift will do more than help satisfy a great material need, it will carry with it your thought for suffering humanity. Imagine the joy of these "Forgotten People" when they realise they have been remembered. Courage will be revived and strength given to face the months ahead. £1 will send 70 garments. £10 will send 700. Please send to: **Listener Relief, Barclays Bank, High St., Oxford.**

DISCARDED CLOTHING STILL URGENTLY WANTED

for men, women and children (especially men and boys). Send to **Oxford/Listener, c/o Davies, Turner & Co., 50a, Bourne Street, London, S.W.1.**



OXFORD



COMMITTEE FOR

FAMINE RELIEF

(Regd. War Charities Act, 1940)

SUPPORTERS INCLUDE: Lord Halifax, Lord Beveridge, Dr. Gilbert Murray, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Dame Sybil Thorndike.

DO YOU KNOW—

THAT something like FIVE people out of every thousand in this country are in some way disabled?

THAT for many crippled children "Care" may be turned into "Cure" if the right treatment is given early enough?

THAT there is a vast field of work outside the scope of the National Health Service for which money is badly needed?

PLEASE GIVE US YOUR HELP

DEPT. E

Central Council for the
Care of Cripples

34 Eccleston Sq., London, S.W.1

Registered in accordance with the
National Assistance Act 1948

COME WALKING

in the mountains of the
Bernese Oberland.

Cooks special holidays centred on Kleine Scheidegg include travel, full board, accommodation and gratuities.

From £24.12.6 for 10 days

£30.7.6 for 15 days

Free folder from

THOS. COOK & SON LTD.

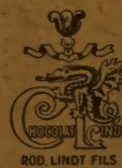
Dept. Z/1/NJ,

BERKELEY ST., LONDON, W.1,

or branches

Lindt

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR

**London University DEGREES—open to all**

A Degree of the University of London can be taken without residence. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for the relative examinations (two only under certain conditions) for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., B.Mus., etc. Highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments.

From 1920-1953 more than **36,000** U.C.C. students PASSED London University exams.

★ **PROSPECTUS** free from the Registrar,

**UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE
COLLEGE**

56 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

HELLENIC CRUISES

Four Departures: May 15, June 19,
July 24, August 29.

Each Party will be conducted throughout by Lieut. Commander MERLIN MINSHALL, M.A. (Oxon), whose unique knowledge of Europe, its People, Languages, Architecture, History, Places of Interest, Food, Wines, etc., will ensure for YOU a wonderful holiday. The holiday includes four whole days in GREECE, six days Mediterranean Cruising, and three nights in Italy.

This is a holiday for Connoisseurs planned throughout by an expert.

From London

**15 Days from 39 Gns.
TRAVEL PLANNING**

10 Blacklands Terrace, Sloane Square,
London, S.W.3. KENsington. 2490

Maximum

**INTEREST
AND
SECURITY**

**STATE
BUILDING SOCIETY**

(Established 1931)

**offers 3%
INTEREST
ON SHARES
Income Tax borne
by the Society**

**FREE
OF TAX**

- Any amount accepted up to £5,000
- Equal to £5-9-1 per cent gross

For full particulars apply to The Secretary
STATE BUILDING SOCIETY
9 STATE HOUSE
8 Buckingham Palace Gardens
London, S.W.1
Telephone: SLOane 9218/9